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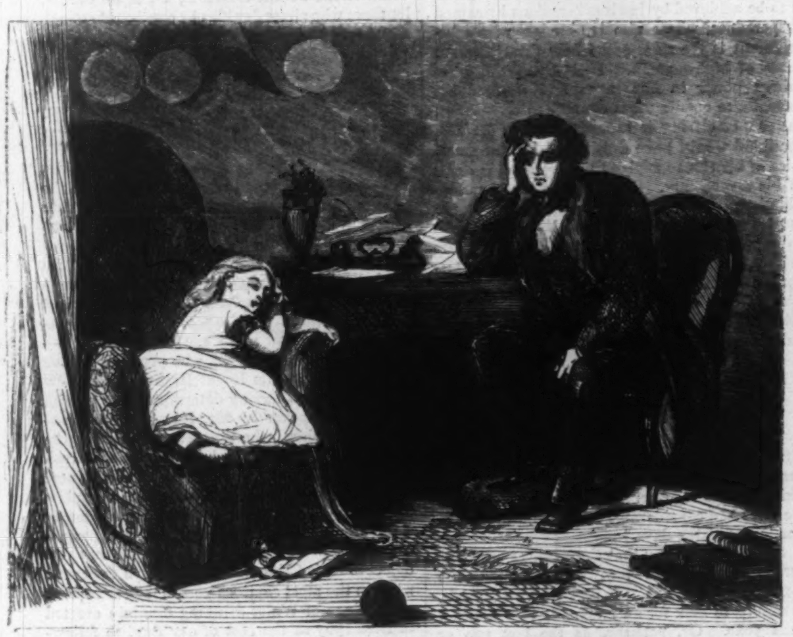


"OFT AS I LOOK ON THE FACE OF HER CHILD."

APRES.

Down, down, Ellen, my little one—
Climbing so tenderly up to my knee;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are taunting me,
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me?

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one—
Warbling so fairily close to my ear;
Why should you choose, of all songs that are haunting me,
This, that I made for your mother to hear?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one—
Wailing so wearily under the stars;
Why should I think of her tears, that make light to me
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one—
Is she not like her, whenever she stirs?
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
Lips that will some day be honey'd, like hers?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one—
Though her white bosom is still'd in the grave,
Something more white than her bosom is spared to me,
Something to cling to, and something to crave:

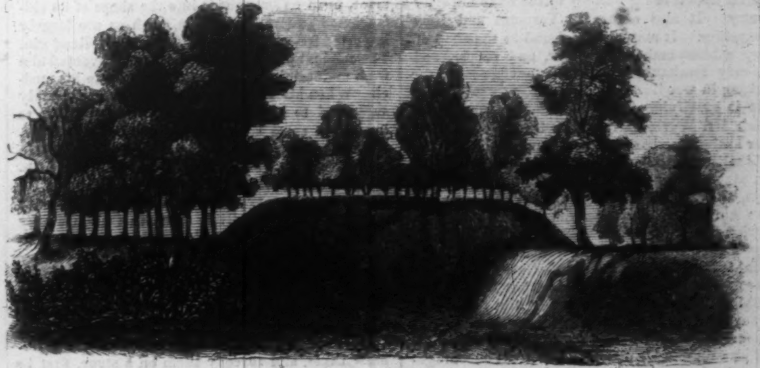
Love, love, Ellen, my little one!
Love indestructible, love undefiled,
Love through all deeps of her spirit, lies bared to me,
Oft as I look on the face of her child.

THE OHIO "HOLY STONE."

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS,—Since our interview at your publishing-house last week, at which you showed me sundry letters and drawings concerning a queer-looking stone with a Hebrew inscription, said to have been dug from the ground at or near the village of Newark, Ross County, Ohio, I have found that several others here have been favored with such communications. I do not know how many have received like drawings and descriptions; but, according to all accounts, this very shallow, flat, and impudent imposture has been very briskly circulated, with no little pecuniary gain to its contrivers and promoters; and as my attention was very early called to it, with a request for such information or opinion as I might be able to give about the matter, I will, with your permission, avail myself of the attractive columns of your popular *Weekly*, with its vast continental circulation, to crush and "squelch" this serpent's egg with a single tread.

Comparing the documents received by you and others from New York, I have been reminded of Mrs. Page's declaration to Mrs. Ford, in "Merry Wives of Windsor:" "Here is the very twin-brother of thy love-letter"—though the letters are from different persons. They all relate, with laborious particularity, the alleged circumstances of the discovery of the marvelous object, and all coincide in harmonious testimony of the intelligence, integrity, veracity, sagacity, and learning of all persons concerned. From their compared and combined statements I derive the following account.

Mr. David Wyrick, a resident of Newark, Ohio, is described to us as "a self-taught man and an enthusiast in natural science." He is also stated to be "poor, and to have taken the antiquarian trade, hoping to realize something from it to support himself and his family." And it is also stated that "Mr. Wyrick can get abundant testimonials of his character for truth and veracity, and that what he says in relation to the discovery is worthy of all credit." Again, a correspondent of the Newark *Ohio Farmer* says: "All the citizens whom I have heard speak of Mr. Wyrick say that the idea is not to be entertained of his making an attempt to deceive the community in this matter. He is an old resident, and has been surveyor of the county. I have seen no one who discredits his statements, as appearances at the place are such as to throw no suspicion upon them. Mr. Wyrick showed the stone to General Dille and myself the evening after it was found, and in the morning following went with us to the place where he states that it was found. The Freemasons here express no doubts as to its genuineness as an ancient Masonic emblem, well described in their books."



GREAT CIRCULAR MOUND NEAR NEWARK, OHIO.

The correspondent here quoted is announced to be Colonel Charles Whittlesey, engineer and geologist to the Lake Superior Copper-mines. General Israel Dille is a lawyer of extensive practice in Newark, and is President of a railroad company. The Cincinnati *Commercial* (July 9 and 10) occupies some columns with an account of the discovery, and of the investigations or speculations concerning it which have been in progress. Its correspondent, Mr. W. D. Beekham, seems very enthusiastic in his pursuit of knowledge about it. On his return to Cincinnati he announces that "drawings of the ancient monumental grounds, of the holy stone, etc., may be seen at the *Commercial* office." He also testifies to the character of the finder of the stone as follows:

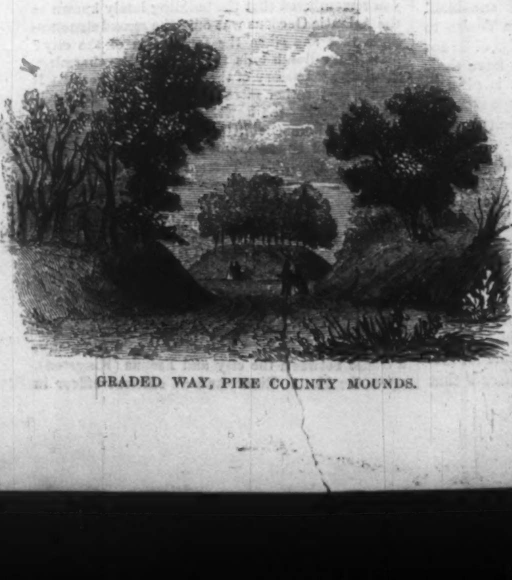
"There is no doubt whatever that it was found precisely as Mr. Wyrick describes the circumstances, and his reputation for integrity, besides his general character—that of a simple-minded, earnest man of the people, of ordinary capacity, with a fair popular knowledge of the rudiments and general principles of geology, and of the archæology of the immediate section of country in which he resides—is conclusive testimony that he is incapable of, and is in no manner conscious of any possible deception in this very interesting matter. The people of Newark, who have known him many years, have unqualified confidence in him, so that the main point in this connection—that of reliability—is satisfactorily established. I have carefully investigated the subject, and am satisfied with Mr. Wyrick's statements. But whether this remarkable stone is a relic of 'times whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' or whether some other Joe Smith, or other humbugeous prophet, or some practical joker, at some comparatively recent period, buried this curiosity in the bowels of the earth, for the purpose of setting the religious or archæological world 'by the ears,' is a mystery which time only can dissipate."

The discovery is thus described by Colonel Whittlesey:

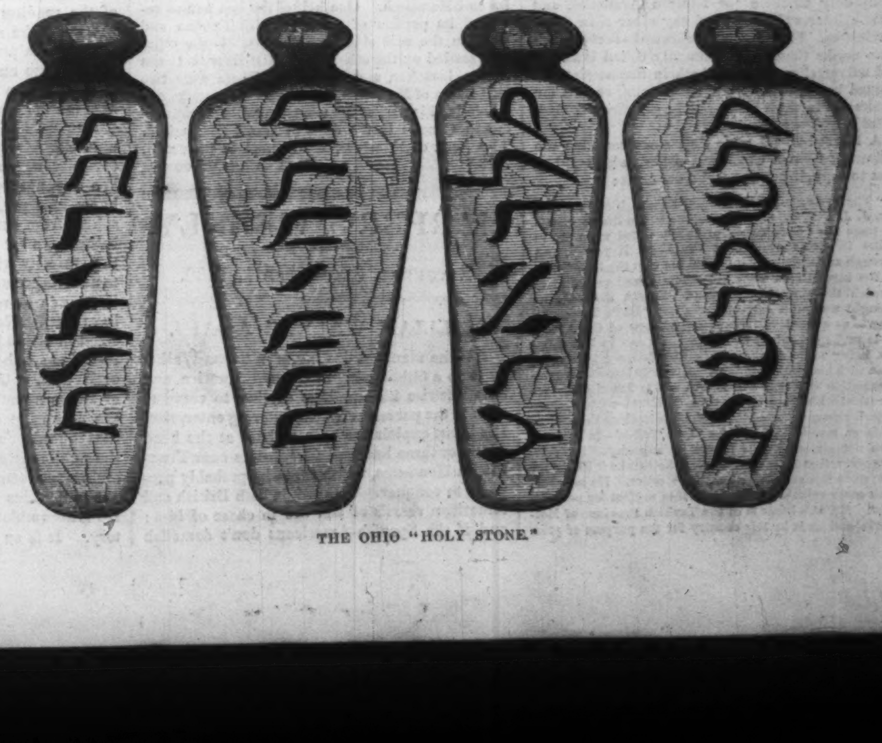
"Mr. David Wyrick, of this place, a self-taught man, and an enthusiast in natural science, has recently made a discovery that is causing some excitement. There has long been in Newark a number of citizens who cultivate natural history, and take a deep interest in objects of general scientific value.

"In the immediate vicinity of the place are the most extensive remains of the works of the mound-builders yet discovered in Ohio. The presence of these ruins of a lost race may have had its influence in stimulating so many intelligent gentlemen in their researches, particularly in ethnology.

"The Agricultural Society of the county has purchased a tract, on which the forest is still standing, that includes some of the most striking earth-works, in a group covering several hundred acres. Here they hold their Agricultural Fairs and celebrations within ancient walls, of a height, extent, and thickness equal to modern fortifications. It was in a small, horse-shoe shaped inclosure, connected with this group, that Mr. Wyrick made his discovery. He was digging in the centre of a small depression, within the work, in search of human bones. The cavity is at present only a slight circular depression, about twenty feet across, and two feet deep at the centre. To a depth of twelve to fourteen inches Mr. Wyrick found only a dark, rich, alluvial soil, which had apparently accumulated by the wash of the rains during a great length of time, and from the decay of vegetation. He states that he was throwing out this dark mould, and near the bottom of his pit came to clay or clayey soil, of a lighter color, with some pebbles, and which had apparently not been disturbed. The first stone seen by him was an oblong pebble of reddish quartz, nearly spherical, and very smooth. Soon after, and near the surface of the clay, he saw on the bank, just after he had thrown up a shovelful of earth, another stone of a singular form. On examining it, it appeared to be artificial, and hastily brushing off the dirt, he saw, to his great surprise, that it had on its sides plainly engraved characters. Somewhat excited, he washed and rubbed off most of the adhering soil. The characters are large and distinct, and are the *ancient Hebrew letter*. The form of the stone is that of a truncated pyramid, with a rectangular base, about two by one and a half inches, rising about five inches. It appears to be of compact quartz, with faint lines of original stratification. Its color is brownish-yellow, or gray, every part of the stone being smoothly ground and polished. The four faces approach each other toward the top, which forms a square of about an inch across, the corners of which are rounded off. On the base is a projection, or knob, with a neck for the purpose of suspending it. The inscription occupies each of the four faces. Mr. M'Carty, of this place, who is a Hebrew scholar, has translated three of the sentences as



GRADED WAY, PIKE COUNTY MOUNDS.



THE OHIO "HOLY STONE."

> follows: 'Holy of Holies,' 'The Word of the Law,' and 'The Word of the Lord;' the remaining one is not yet definitely understood. Mr. Cunningham, who is a Freemason, and well informed upon the history of the order, and upon antiquities in general, says the stone was one used by Masons of a certain grade in the East, soon after the building of the first temple by Solomon, and before the erection of the second. It has in their system a well-known meaning; its principal use in ancient times being for deposit beneath whatever structure the Master Mason might superintend. This symbol was not necessarily furnished with inscriptions; but the Mason entitled to use it might put sentences upon it, as this one has.
>
> "It would be placed in the northeastern part of the foundation; and if it stood on its point, would indicate that something more was deposited beneath. If it lay on its broadest face, the point, or small end, would indicate the direction where other deposits would be found. These, if found, would disclose facts connected with the building.
>
> "No person was present with Mr. Wyrick but his son, thirteen or fourteen years of age, who saw his father pick up the stone from the earth he had just thrown out. The little earth still remaining in the depressions of the letters corresponds to that of the bottom of the pit, and it is evidently ancient, as well as all the marks on the stone."

The material of the relic is stated to be *novaculite* or "hone-stone." It is not found among the rocks or minerals of that region; but Mr. Whittlesey is familiar with it in the geology of the Lake Superior country. It also occurs in Vermont and New Hampshire. It may also be found in the shop of every cabinet-maker, carpenter, and cooper, and of every mechanic who employs edge-tools for working in wood.

It is gratifying to learn that the purpose for which Mr. Wyrick "took the trade" of digging after antiquities has been so far accomplished that he is selling drawings of the stone, with the lettering, at one dollar a piece, as fast as he can produce them, and "that several gentlemen of Cincinnati have authorized" Mr. Beekham "to notify Mr. Wyrick that they will contribute something in the way of compensation for his trouble, if he will exhibit his keystone in that city. Curiosity to see it is great; and it is very probable that Mr. Wyrick would realize enough there to pay him for his adventure." In Newark, they "are also taking measures to obtain casts"—which will no doubt be sold at a reasonable profit, to the great encouragement of this new branch of domestic industry and truly ingenious invention.

I have spread all the evidence in this case before you and your readers, that you may take all the facts precisely in the form in which they were submitted to me, more than a month ago. Precisely at the point where we stand now was I when these statements were read to me. I had read the inscriptions "at sight," having before me the facsimile copies which you publish in connection with this. These letters are MODERN Hebrew—that is, ANCIENT Chaldaic characters. They have, manifestly, been copied from a *printed* Hebrew Bible. I happen to have the oldest printed Hebrew and Chaldaic Bible in the world, and the oldest printed Hebrew Lexicon, which I leave subject to your order whenever any of your learned readers may wish to satisfy themselves by actual inspection that the truth is as I state it. And I will undertake to teach you, or any ordinarily intelligent child of eight years and upward, to read any new inscription of that kind, after three hours' teaching, not merely "at sight," but in the dark, by passing his fingers over depressions thus made in a stone.

Now, if there can be found (and there has actually been found within five or six years past) an inscription in the ancient Hebrew or Phœnician character, twenty-five hundred years old, there will not be found in America, or in the whole world, a person who can read or interpret it satisfactorily to himself or any body else without months, or perhaps *years*, of hard study. On this point I refer you to Professors Gibbs, Salisbury, and Whitney, of New Haven, and to any other member of the American Oriental Society, as likewise to any of their correspondents in Europe or Asia, who have received their transcript of the lately discovered epitaph of that Phœnician monarch who reigned when Alexander the Great besieged and conquered Tyre. Of the authenticity and genuineness of that inscription no scholar doubts, though more than twenty-four centuries have rolled unheededly away since those characters were cut on that stone.

The Hebrews in their two or three generations of Babylonish captivity lost the *spoken* "language of Canaan;" and all, excepting a few scribes and interpreters (such as Ezra), lost also the knowledge of the letters in which the law of God was written. When they returned, under the permission and patronage of Cyrus and other Persian kings, they spoke only Chaldee (or Eastern Aramaic), and could neither write nor read any other than Chaldaic letters. The ANCIENT Hebrew characters were more unlike those now commonly called Hebrew, and universally employed both in manuscript and printed books than Greek, or German, or Russian letters are to those employed in printing *Harper's Weekly*.

A learned friend some time since read me the following from a Cincinnati paper, which I beg you to copy, if you can find room for it:

> "The somewhat celebrated Ethnographical Tourist, Mr. J. J. Benjamin, who has devoted his life to efforts to trace the 'Lost Tribes' of Israel, called upon me to make inquiries concerning the Holy Keystone, and through an interpreter informed me that the translation of the inscriptions were not accurate, and promised to furnish the correct renderings. *Torath Jehovah*, he thought was more correctly rendered '*God's Teachings*' than—as quoted yesterday—'The Law of God.' Mr. B. is perhaps the best Hebrew scholar now in this country, being more familiar with that language, he says, than with his mother tongue. His most important communication was that the letters of the inscriptions are identical with those of the time of Ezra—contemporary with the second Temple—but the inscriptions themselves have no connection with the 'Lost Tribes'—(a supposition not seriously entertained by any one). He said, moreover, that he is a Mason, and he thinks it likely the Keystone has some relation to the order. He may furnish some valuable hints upon this subject for publication. Mr. B.'s home is in the Turkish Province of Moldavia, and he is in this country for the purpose of prosecuting researches among the Indians for evidences of the 'Lost Tribes.'"

So Mr. Benjamin, the Moldavian Jew, is "the best Hebrew scholar now in this country" in his own opinion, and in that of people who don't know Hebrew from Japanese!

According to that great rule for the interpretation and application of evidence laid down by Cicero in his argument in defense of Milo, we should, in endeavoring to direct suspicion as to the author of the hoax, first inquire—who is the man that has been (pecuniarily) benefited by it? But, in consideration of the strong testimonials of Mr. Wyrick's veracity and general honesty which have been presented to us by gentlemen of high position in his vicinity, we are bound to believe that in this matter he has been and is a victim, and not a "victimizer."

Look at these drawings of the Holy Keystone! The four sides are not of equal width: two are broad, and two are narrow. Are not these the proportions of every hone-stone, whether imported from Ireland, or brought from Vermont, New Hampshire, Arkansas, or Lake Superior?

The fellow who manufactured this profitable commodity apparently took a new hone, and worked at it with a jack-knife or a file, for his own amusement, until he brought it into the shape of an old-fashioned square case-bottle, such as are largely imported from Rotterdam, containing Holland gin. The original proportions of the stone prevented him from maintaining a perfect conformity to his model. When his work was done, somebody probably suggested to him that it would be a good joke to bury it in some hole or other on the line of Wyrick's diggings, after putting a Hebrew inscription on it. Some "wandering Jew" may have furnished the form of the letters for that purpose. Or, for that matter, every educated clergyman's library contains a Hebrew Bible (even in Ohio, we may suppose), and of course might have been innocently loaned by its owner for such a use. These phrases, THE LAW OF THE LORD, THE WORD OF THE LORD, etc., occur in more than a hundred passages in the Old Testament, as every English Bible-reader knows. How long a time would one of your readers take to find these words in a Hebrew Bible, and to copy them on a stone, first in pencil, and then in graving?

I know, by information derived from a gentleman who has excavated hundreds of the mighty, marvelous, mysterious mounds of the great Ohio Valley, and who has exhumed more valuable remains of the works of their builders than any other archæologist, living or dead, that no stone, whether novaculite or any thing else (even granite), can be buried in that soil for so much as half a century without becoming covered by a calcareous incrustation, or acquiring a ferruginous or other stain from the earth which incloses it. And yet this Newark Holy Stone comes up from its entombment of some thousand some hundred and some odd years as clean and bright and slick as a new whistle! It is impossible to deceive a practiced eye by any such transparent device as this flimsy, clumsy contrivance presents. It was first described and depicted to us as having its angles perfect and its surface quite smooth. But since the finger of criticism has publicly pointed out the anachronism so palpably indicated, we are newly assured that the angles are not so very exact, and the surface so very smooth, and the letters so very distinct, after all, as was first represented! There would seem to be some danger that the inscription may soon become illegible at this rate of deterioration.

It is to be regretted by all true Freemasons that the name of their order has been introduced in connection with this arrant nonsense. I am not authorized to speak for that institution, nor am I ambitious or competent to appear as its vindicator. But if any man professing to be a Royal Arch Mason will tell me that the miniature effigy of a Dutch gin-bottle (a little flattened) is a keystone, I shall tell him that if he understands Masonry, in *any* sense of that word, certainly Sir Christopher Wren did *not*.

Some zealous seekers after the missing tribes of Israel, with a "zeal not according to knowledge," and whose reading of Scripture must have been of the most cursory and superficial kind, have taken up this matter, and talk of "the *nine and a half lost tribes*." The Bible tells us that there were thirteen tribes, of whom ten whole tribes "seceded from the union," under the lead of Jeroboam, leaving three (Judah, Benjamin, and Levi) adherent to the kings of the house of David. Of the twelve sons of Jacob, one (Joseph) was the ancestor of the two distinct and independent entire tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. One half of the last named received its portion of territory with Reuben and Gad, on the east side of Jordan; while the other half settled on the other side of the river, between Asher, Issachar, and Ephraim. There were two half-tribes of Manasseh; and two halves make one whole in this part of the country, as they probably did in Canaan in the days of Moses and Joshua. [See Book of Numbers, xxxii., and Joshua, xvii. 7-18.]

D. FRANCIS BACON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

WILLIAM WALKER AGAIN.

IT is the manifest destiny of William Walker to go a filibustering in Central America, and it is likewise his manifest destiny to come to grief in the pursuit of his filibustering enterprise. His latest exploit has been to land at the head of two or three hundred adventurers near Truxillo, in Honduras, which State he probably proposes to conquer. Meanwhile both British and American vessels of war are in chase of him; and if the Spanish-Americans don't demolish him before they arrive on the scene of action he will again be seized and carried off a prisoner, as he was when he last landed in Nicaragua.

Mr. William Walker is a living illustration of the adage about "seizing the tide at the flood." Time was, not many years ago, when this country and the whole civilized world would have gladly hailed him as the ruler of Nicaragua. He failed to appreciate his situation, got drunk with good luck, fell, and that fortunate time has never recurred. Since Walker's capitulation men's minds have undergone a change in regard to filibusterism. It is not, by any means, the popular diversion it was when crowded meetings in New York, headed by men of character and substance, voted complimentary resolutions to the "Dictator" of Central America. It is, in fact, at a heavy discount—so heavy that if even a British ship should seize Walker and carry him off in irons it would be impossible to arouse any indignation here.

People are beginning to doubt whether the regeneration of the Central American countries is to be achieved by lawless invasions by armed desperadoes, whose aim is plunder, whose instrument is the rifle, and whose principles are those of highwaymen. Had Mr. Walker retained power in Nicaragua and devoted his energies to opening that country to civilization instead of closing it to commerce, as he did, mankind would have overlooked the informalities of his rise to applaud the practical benefits of his sovereignty. But, in view of the miserable issue of his Nicaraguan enterprise, he can expect no further indulgence. He has no right to expect the world to forgive him any more crimes, or to revive hopes which he has so bitterly disappointed. He has exhausted all that was favorable in his manifest destiny: that which is now most manifest for him is shameful defeat and perhaps a halter.

THE WEATHER.

THIS has been the hottest summer, they say, since 1854. In parts of the South the thermometer has ranged from 100° to 105° Fahrenheit for days together; and here in New York we have had considerable more than a fair proportion of "dog days."

Scientific men say that the average temperature of every ten years is always the same on the same isothermal line. It may perhaps be safe, therefore, to look for an unusually cool summer next year. Or, perhaps, as the last two or three winters have been unusually mild, we ought to expect a severe visit from the Ice King in January and February next.

The temperature is important so far as the crops are concerned; and it is noteworthy that while in 1858 and 1859, which were mild years both in summer and winter, we had the largest cotton and the poorest food crops ever grown in the country since it was peopled to its present extent, in 1860 we are having the largest grain crop ever harvested, and probably a smaller cotton crop than last year. Yet cotton is said to be capable of standing any quantity of heat, while wheat and corn are liable to suffer severely from drought. Here is a nut for the clerk of the weather to crack.

JENKINS.

THE newspapers are full of satirical articles about Jenkins. The poor fellow, it seems, is on the track of the Prince of Wales, and describes his face, his figure, his dress, his air, his tones, his habits, his bedroom, his wash-bowl, his trunks, his tooth-brush, and his linen with characteristic pains and fidelity. For this editor after editor denounce him as a snob who disgraces this free and independent nation. We beg to dissent from the general verdict.

We like Jenkins. He is a useful creature, and monstrously amusing. We will wager the *Great Eastern* against a jolly-boat that the bulk of the reading community like him too. We will make the same wager that his articles are read by ten people when political leaders are read by one and the news from Sicily by five. Judged by the standard of popular taste, Jenkins is the greatest writer of the day.

But, we shall be told, popular taste is a very unsafe guide; Jenkins panders to a morbid curiosity which is impertinent and snobbish. We are not so sure of this. The desire to know how persons bred in a widely different sphere from ours live and move and have their being, is, after all, very natural; it is akin to the curiosity which stimulates courageous men to undertake perilous travels, and which prompts thousands to read their accounts of what they have seen. Nobody is ashamed of being interested in Huc's lively descriptions of private life in China; nobody calls Barth, or Livingstone, or Holton, or Anderson, or Ledyard, or Kohl, or Bruce a snob or a Jenkins; it is only when the personage described is a lord or a prince that the writer's office is deemed degrading, and the public taste for his writings termed morbid and impertinent.

Yet Jenkins is doing great good in his way. He is accumulating invaluable materials for history. It is on the Jenkins of the *Herald* that the future historian will rely when he wants to delineate the early character of King Edward the Seventh of England. But for Avaux—that model Jenkins—Burnet, another of the family, and others of the same kin, Macaulay never could have written his history. Much less could we understand the old French monarchy if such Jenkinses as the Duke of St. Simon, Madame de Sévigné, and others, had never lived and gossiped. Jenkins, again, is a mighty censor. Monarchs tremble at the flutter of his pen. When the Prince of Wales wanted to fire Champagne corks at the bald spot in the Duke of Newcastle's head he civilly asked Jenkins to stand aside. How much more earnest would the request have been had his Royal Highness intended to do any thing mean, or wrong, or degrading! Jenkins is, in truth, the censor of the day. Grant plenty of Jenkinses and monarchs will be careful of their conduct. One Jenkins, wielding a free pen at Naples, would have brought Bomba to contrition long ago.

Let us hope, then, that we shall hear less abuse of the honest creature; or, at all events, let those who abuse Jenkins be consistent enough not to read his letters. That will be punishment enough.

WHAT ARE THE BRITISH RESIDENTS TO DO WITH THEIR PRINCE?

THIS problem is exercising the minds of the parties interested to a severe extent. At first it was proposed by some of the more ardent subjects of Queen Victoria to seize His Royal Highness on his arrival here, and keep him bottled up for the exclusive delectation of undoubted "Britishers." This scheme elicited some sarcasms from the press, and was abandoned. Two new plans are now suggested—one by the British Consul, who proposes to give a select ball to His Royal Highness, the New York merchants having determined to give him a dinner; another by Mr. Edwards, the Consul's law adviser, who proposes that a drinking fountain shall be erected by the British residents, and the corner-stone laid by the Prince.

Both plans commend themselves to public approval. While it would have been obviously unseemly for the British residents to appropriate the Prince on his arrival here, no one can object to their fêting him at their own expense; nor can the most captious person take exception to a Prince of Wales drinking fountain erected in Broadway at the cost of our English fellow-townsmen.

We will venture one word of advice to the British residents. What they do should be done quietly, not obtrusively. The Prince comes here, not to see them, but to see American citizens. It is said that when he was informed of their intention to monopolize him, his answer was tarter than they might have liked to hear. And if they attempt the same scheme in a new shape when he does arrive, they may be reminded, in sharper language than is pleasant, that England has room for all her sons at home. We do not hear that the Prince, on his travels through Europe, paid any marked attention to the British residents of the cities he visited.

THE LOUNGER.

NO. 9 BROADWAY.

IF you have been lately by the Bowling-Green you have observed that one of the old houses upon the western side of Broadway, looking upon that pretty patch of green, has been taken down. The demolition was sudden and swift. It seemed, to a jealous mind, as if somebody were in a great hurry to have it down and out of sight and mind at a season when the world is nominally out of town.

Do you remember the house? It was known as the Atlantic Gardens, No. 9 Broadway—a low-browed, rough, gray, plaster building, with large windows, and a general aspect of sturdy quaintness pleasant to behold. It held its own so bravely among the parvenu palaces that sprang up around it. It was old and low, and yet it somehow contrived to adapt itself to the general appearance of the neighborhood—to keep in fashion without altogether taking off its queue and knee breeches.

But they are taken off now, stripped utterly, and it and they shall not be seen again. Yet how much more has been knocked down in that old house than most people think! How often have you remembered that the building lately known as the Atlantic Gardens was only the *second* structure upon that site since the foundation of the city? Miss Mary Booth tells the story in her charming, gossiping "History of the City of New York." It seems that rather more than two centuries ago—about 1640-43—the Bowling-Green was the village green. There the little Knickerbockers played tag, kindled bonfires, and danced on holidays and about the May-pole. There, too, the doughty warriors of New Amsterdam were paraded, and, full of comfortable sauer-kraut and the thick fumes of tobacco, shook their stubby little fists at the world. Now, in 1643, sundry grants of lots of land upon Heere Straat were made to different people; and Martin Krigier was the first grantee of a lot containing about eighty-six rods, opposite the Bowling-Green. Martin Krigier, however, did not build until the year 1659. He seems to have been a notable man—a servant of the West India Company, a trader between the city and Esopus (Kingston), upon the North River, and an efficient officer in the Indian wars and against the Swedes upon the Delaware, or South River. He is named as one of the chief inhabitants of Heere Straat, which, after the English occupation in 1665, was called Broadway.

For a dozen years after his grant the lots below Wall Street were full of gardens and orchards. The house was known in Knickerbocker tradition as Krigier's Tavern, which was demolished in the year blank, and, according to Miss Booth, was followed by the King's Arms tavern, which Mr. Valentine places above Trinity Church. Here General Gage, Commander-in-chief of the British army in the colonies at the beginning of the Revolution, had his head-quarters. Here, too—at least at No. 9 Broadway, late the Atlantic Gardens, then called Burns's Coffee-house—the merchants of New York who imported English goods met on the 31st October, 1765, and resolved to import no more goods from England until the Stamp Act was repealed.

This is the venerable and historic building which has just fallen. And as the Lounger lifts his eyes, and sees directly over the way, here in Franklin Square, the old Walton House, almost the sole survivor of a period more than a century ago, he expects daily to behold the Goths, who respect no antiquity, no romance of association, and who believe only in high stores and high rents. It is amusing to remember that this old building, which is now a sailor boarding-house, was mentioned in England as a palace so splendid that a people which could afford to build it could pay illimitable taxes. Yet it has still an air of past respectability, and if the wood-cuts of the interior may be trusted, there are few mansions upon the Fifth Avenue which can rival the dignity and richness of its paneled hall and wainscoting.

PRIVATE.

SPINGLER INSTITUTE, *August*, 1860.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Gracious me! oh dear! *do* you think he will come here? Do you believe that great monarch would actually stay in our school-house? How *could* we ever recite our lessons correctly again? Adelia Jane Hardy says she has got her next parsing lesson by heart: "Prince, a most proper noun, agreeing with his partners, whom he rests frequently." Whatever *does* she mean, dear Mr. Lounger? Do you suppose he would dance in the dining-room, or the parlor, or in his own room? And is there a Duchess of Newcastle, and any young Duchesses? You know I don't mean exactly that—but what do they call the female young of a Duchess? You know it is so confusing—I mean so exciting. If he should really come, do you think—you know what you said two weeks ago in your paper—I mean you know what the editor said. Well, now, do you think he might really—you know ——? Dear me! how do Queens behave? It would be so awkward if *suddenly*, you know—at one of the desks—dear me! dear me! would one be Baroness Renfrew in that case? Dearest Mr. Lounger, are crowns *very* heavy? Would it be proper for one to call him Albert Edward, or must it be always Prince? Adelia Jane Hardy says she doesn't see, for her part, why Adelia Jane Renfrew isn't as good a name as Victoria Guelph. But the idea! I wonder if she really thinks his Highness would think for an instant ——? Why, she's so pale! and *her nose*, you know, that wouldn't do at all. It is entirely unpresentable. Besides—it's so ridiculous!

I think he ought to come here, Mr. Lounger, don't you? A young ladies' seminary is just the place for a young Prince to stay in. He has a mother, you know, and they have mothers. Then his mother was a woman, and they are women. Then again his mother was a young woman once, and they are young women now. Then they have minds to be developed, you know, and he might do so much development. If these are not satisfactory reasons for his coming, I should like to know what are—shouldn't you, dear Mr. Lounger? There *is* one other, indeed, and I believe it is Scriptural too—and that is, that it is not good for man to be alone. And don't you see he wouldn't be alone at our school? And he'd be in such good neighborhood! You know our school is Union Square *and* Fifth Avenue. Do you suppose there is any more truly noble or aristocratic neighborhood in London or Wales? I don't believe there is a finer iron fence any where than that about Union Park; and it would remind him of what Professor Pet calls "our internal resources." It might teach him an impressive moral lesson, Mrs. Mandrake (our Professor of manners) says.

She says also that the Seminary might receive him, as the Ursuline nuns did near Quebec. Being an establishment of religious women, devoted to the worship of Him who became the son of a carpenter, they never admit any men into the house but those of royal birth. I suppose it is because royal people are always so religious—and perhaps, also, because Christianity is no respecter of persons. However, these holy ladies received him in the large room, where a throne was erected, and sixty young ladies of the first families of Canada sang a song of welcome, and at each mention of the Queen's or Prince's name made low courtesies. This must have been real pleasant to the Prince; for the day before he had been to church, and when the Creed is recited you know there is the same kind of bowing.

That dear Mr. Jenkins! How dignified he makes the Prince appear! But how busy Mr. Jenkins must be; and what a wonderful fellow for writing! Just think of all the letters he sends to the different papers! I suppose he is very intimate with the Prince. Oh! Mr. Lounger, isn't it *glorious* to know that an actual *Prince*—a being of *royal* blood—is coming to our own dear city! and, *perhaps!* will be lodged at the home of the Graces and the haunt of the Cardinal Virtues and Polite Proprieties? Oh, bliss!

Yours devotedly (but secretly),
PENELOPE FLUFF.

N.B.—How odious Mr. Thackeray's "Georges" are! To think of a mere author speaking so of sacred Majesties!

ON SKIRTS.

WHEN, the other day, the Lounger discoursed of a pretty young woman whom he met in Broadway, wearing a bloomer, he did not expect to escape without some criticism; and he was very sure that an objection would be made, which he took especial pains to prevent. This has now happened. Here comes a very pleasant, good-humored note from St. Louis:

> "It is scarcely necessary to ask you, my learned friend, if you ever heard of the fashion of *club feet* prevailing among the ladies of China. Of course you have; and of course you know that this fashion prevents all locomotion by natural means, except in a slow, shuffling, and painful gait. Doubtless you know, too, how 'rooted and grounded in the faith' are these benighted barbarians that 'club feet' are an essential element of female beauty and grace. Now suppose, Mr. Lounger (you know, any thing is supposable for argument), that some 'very pretty, modest-looking young woman' in China were able to undo what you and I consider the deformity of her feet, and to restore them to the condition in which they came from the work-shop of nature, and praiseworthily desiring to show to her suffering sisterhood the great and *manifest* advantages arising therefrom, should take a walk on some Broadway of Pekin or Canton, think you that public opinion would at once appreciate the merit of the act? Would not idle boys laugh, and senseless women jeer, and the whole street be in a state of merry excitement? and on the coming Saturday would not some astute, well-meaning Chinese Lounger say, 'Oh, pretty young woman with the natural feet, do you not observe the immense disproportion between what you are doing and what you wish to do?'"

And here he quotes the Lounger's own words; then resumes:

> "But perhaps, Mr. Lounger, you may consider the analogy small between the club feet of the Chinese ladies and the long skirts and hoops of the American ladies. So it is in many respects; but in one respect it is very close. They each alike cripple and restrain the free motion of the body and limbs, and interpose an almost insurmountable obstacle to that amount and variety of exercise which experience teaches to be absolutely essential to health, mental as well as physical. Other potent hygienic objections to the prevailing mode of hoops and skirts are, the weight of the clothing, and the confinement of the chest incident thereto and *inseparable therefrom*. Every medical journal will inform you, Mr. Lounger, that in the present style of female dress are found most prolific sources of disease and death, not only to the hapless female, but to the equally hapless children to whom she gives birth, and upon whom are entailed more of the weaknesses of humanity than are justly their birth-right."

The Lounger prints this fully, because *it states the identical ground upon which he justified in his article a rebellion against fashion*. The moment a dress becomes symbolical or injurious, that moment no honest person will wear it unless he is willing to say what the symbol is understood to mean (as in the case of certain shaped hats and ribbons in Italy), or unless he does not believe that it is injurious; or unless he thinks he would suffer less from the injury than from the ridicule. Of course it was because the Lounger does *not* believe that "the present style of female dress" is a prolific source of disease and death, that he ventured good-humoredly to insinuate that the pretty young woman would one day agree with him and might bear the badinage. That women may squeeze themselves too closely and in other ways seriously harm themselves is true, but it is not the fault of long skirts.

The Lounger's St. Louis friend must know that it is a very bad habit for men to wear trowsers hanging to their hips and without suspenders. But does he therefore think that a man ought to wear a toga into the street, and when the boys laugh and the Loungers moralize a little, turn solemnly upon them and say, "Jeering boys, and you Lounger, who should be above vulgar prejudice, know that the brightest names of fame were once the subjects of ridicule; and if these (smiles) be legitimate arguments, then were Galileo, Columbus, Harvey, and Jenner confuted blockheads."

Upon reflection, would you not think that you had better buy a pair of suspenders, and suspect that you had fired off your fifty pounders at an enemy who was not in sight?

IMPORTANT TO TENANTS OF GLASS-HOUSES.

EVEN those of us whose houses are not altogether glass have a great many windows in them, and upon all sides. It is very easy, as you sit comfortably behind your own glass, to see just where a well-directed stone would smash your neighbor's, as it is always so easy to see how pat the sermon is to the case of the man in the next pew. Nothing, for instance, is more dangerous than to attempt grammatical criticism: for the number of glass grammar-houses is really formidable.

Here now is a friend who spells Piedmontese with a small p, and Sicilian with a small s, and a Cuban with a small c, and what he calls a United States with a small u, and who opens his batteries upon the Lounger and his friends in the *Weekly* thus:

"*Grammar.* The Lounger will oblige by informing *us* whether Harper repudiates Webster as *I* judge from," etc.

This friend should deeply ponder the celebrated reply of Hawkins to Jawkins.

"Mr. Hawkins presents his compliments to Mr. Jawkins and begs to say that if you are the author of the mendacious statement in this morning's papers he is a scoundrel and a liar. If not, I am willing to believe him a gentleman. Your obedient servant, T. Hawkins."

As for *be* following *if*, it may be well for this friend to remember that there is a subjunctive mode in English Grammar, and that Webster says (and anybody may "repudiate" him, if he will) that this word "in Grammar designates a form of verbs which follow other verbs or words expressing condition, hypothesis, or contingency,"—and the word *if* is such a word.

The Lounger hopes that his friend will not take unkindly the suggestion that we should all keep our glass in the best possible repair.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE SYSTEM OF KINDNESS.

THE liberal Government of the future, in pursuance of the policy of constitutional benevolence, will be open to receive tenders for the following Articles of Comfort and Luxury:

Venison for Work-houses.
Pommade for Prisons.
Smelling-Salts for the Navy.
Eau-de-Cologne for Her Majesty's Land Forces.
Crinoline for Female Refugees.
Sugar-candy for Charity Schools.
Caviare for the Million.

The Government does not pledge itself to accept the lowest tender.

SCENE—A FAMILY DINNER-TABLE.

DARLING CHILD. "What! all that for Pa?"

MAMMA. "No, my darling! This is for you."

DARLING CHILD (*in an altered tone*). "Only that little bit!"

◆

RHYME *versus* REASON.—"Drink to me only with thine eyes!" But how are we to accomplish this ocular draught? The only glass that we could use for such a purpose would be the looking-glass.

◆

FRUITS OF THE WEATHER.—It is said that stone-fruit will be very abundant this year. Of course. Every thing is petrified.

◆

Fast youths are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.

◆

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say?—Tree-mend-us.

◆

Why do men who are about to fight a duel generally choose a *field* for the place of action?—For the purpose of allowing the ball to *graze*.

◆

"Pa, ain't I growing tall?"—"Why, what's your height, boy?"—"Seven feet, lacking a yard."

◆

When Sheridan was asked at an amateur play which performer he liked best, he replied, "The prompter; for I saw less and heard more of him than of any one else!"

◆

A gentleman coming into the room of the late Dr. Barton, told him that Mr. Vowel was dead. "What," said he, "Vowel dead? Let us be thankful it was neither *u* nor *i*."

◆

A medical journal says that single women have the headache more than married ones. That may be; but don't married men have the headache oftener than single ones?

◆

"Why do printers not succeed as well as brewers?"—"Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs but one has brains."

◆

A nobleman wished to induce Garrick to stand as a candidate for Parliament. "My lord," said Garrick, "I would rather play a leading part on the Stage, than the part of a fool in Parliament."

◆

A little nine-year old overhearing a discussion among a parcel of ladies about cooking steak—some advocating broiling beef, and others frying mutton—inquired, "Aunt Kit, how do they cook sweep-stakes?"

◆

An elderly lady, who with her daughter has just returned from rather a rapid journey through France, part of Germany, and Italy, was asked the other day if they had visited Rome, and she replied in the negative. "La! ma, yes we did," said her daughter; "that was the place where we bought the bad stockings."

◆

A young country girl who lately went to a situation in Cheltenham, on seeing a water-cart pass along the street, exclaimed to her mistress, "Oh! la, mum! look here; there's a man gone by with a cart of water, and it's running out all the way; and if he's got to go much further he'll waste it all before he gets there!"

◆

The famous Rameau, the composer, while making a call on a lady, suddenly sprang up, seized a little dog that was yelping at her feet, and threw him out of the window. "What is that for?" cried the lady. "Because he barks out of tune!" shouted Rameau, with the indignation of an enthusiastic musician whose ear had been cruelly wounded.

◆

A fashionable portrait-painter, whose name it would not be fair to his many rivals to mention, when asked what are his terms, invariably answers, "I have no scale of prices. In fact, I generally leave it open to the liberality of my patrons. I have but one rule to guide me in taking pictures; and that, to be candid, is, 'Handsome is who handsome does.'"

◆

An elderly female, on being examined before the magistrates of Bungay as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reasons she had for supposing that her deceased husband's settlement was at St. Andrew's. The old lady, looking earnestly at the bench, said: "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is."

◆

"My dear Julia," said one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?" "Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could *take him at a pinch!*"

◆

A bachelor friend of ours is about getting married, for no other reason than to have some one to take care of him when he is sick. The treatment he received at a fashionable boarding-house, when he last had the ague, has cured him not only of single life, but single bedsteads and single mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servants to bring him up some gruel on Monday morning, but which he never got till the next Wednesday afternoon. During his whole confinement not a single soul visited him save the young gentleman who dusted the knives; and he came not for the purpose of consolation, but to say that "Missus would be much obliged if Mr. Skeesicks would do his shaking on a chair, so as not to get the bedstead apart." This was the feather that broke Skeesicks's bachelorship. From that moment he resolved to connect his fortunes with a piece of dimity. Who can blame him? No one who has ever passed through a confirmed bronchitis at a fashionable boarding-house.

◆

The Irish blunder is *sui generis*; and it is not only of a class by itself, but it is of the best class. It always puzzles, which mere clownishness does not; but it always amuses by its oddity, its novelty, and its humor. Of this order was the exclamation of the Irish gentleman who, on getting a ten-pound prize in the lottery, and finding that the prize was less than the money which he had paid for it, cried out, "What luck it was that I did not get the twenty thousand pounds; I must have been entirely ruined!"

◆

"I shall no longer give you my countenance, Sir."—"I'm sure I don't want it, madam, for I've seldom seen a plainer one."

◆

In the "first circles" no one speaks of perspiring any more; what was once called "sweating," and recently "perspiring," is now the "suffering a diminution of the tissues by evaporation."

MEMS FOR THE MISSES.—Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what's for dinner.

◆

A busy housewife was sitting in a door-way plying her needle. Her husband was lounging on the rail, when his foot slipped, and he bruised his knee on the door stone. "Oh," said he, groaning, "I have broken the bone, I am sure!"—"Well, then," said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out, "you and I have done very nearly the same thing."—"How so?"—"Why, don't you see," said she, "I have broken the eye of the needle, man, and you have broken the knee of the idle man."

◆

A teacher in one of our national schools having explained to her first class that a "*chain* of mountains" was synonymous with a "*range* of mountains," subsequently asked the class the meaning of a "*chain* of mountains." A little four-year old, who had been quietly listening, exclaimed, "Oh, I know!"—"What is it?" asked the teacher.—"A *cooking-stove*," responded the four-year old. A cooking-stove and a *range* were to her mind one and the same.

◆

Henry Clay was denominated the Eight K's by a coterie of wags in Washington. He acquired this title thus: A gentleman sitting in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, during an interesting debate, wished to point out Mr. C. to his friend, a foreigner, who sat beside him, without disturbing the House, and wrote upon a card for him thus: "The gentleman to the left of the Speaker, in a klaret-kolored koat with krimson kollar, is Mr. Klay, member of Kongress from Kentucky."

◆

THE DANGER OF LOSING A SHIRT.—Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse" had just appeared; he was in a coffee-room of a hotel where, hearing his own name coupled with a coroner's inquest, he asked to see the newspaper, which was handed to him with the remark, that "It was very extraordinary that Coleridge, the poet, should have hanged himself just after the success of his play; but he was always a strange, mad fellow." "Indeed, Sir," said Coleridge, "it is a most extraordinary thing that he should at this moment be speaking to you." The astonished stranger hoped that he had "said nothing to hurt his feelings," and was made easy on that point. The newspaper related that a gentleman in black had been cut down from a tree in Hyde Park, without money or papers in his pockets, his shirt being marked "S. T. Coleridge;" and Coleridge was at no loss to understand how this might have happened, since he seldom traveled without losing a shirt or two.

◆

Single ladies often cross the water under the especial care of the captain of the ship; and if a love affair occurs among the passengers, the captain is usually the confidant of one or both parties. A very fascinating young lady was placed under Morgan's care, and three young gentlemen fell desperately in love with her. They were all equally agreeable, and the young lady was puzzled which to encourage. She asked the captain's advice.

"Come on deck," he said, "the first day when it is perfectly calm; the gentlemen will, of course, all be near you. I will have a boat quietly lowered down; then do you jump overboard, and see which of the gentlemen will be the first to jump after you. I will take care of you."

A calm day soon came; the captain's suggestion was followed, and two of the lovers jumped after the lady at the same instant. But between these two the lady could not decide—so exactly equal had been their devotion. She again consulted the captain.

"Take the man that didn't jump; he's the most sensible fellow, and will make the best husband."

◆

The duelist's fear is the fear of being thought to fear.

◆

The lack of money is a weight upon the bosom; the possession of it a heaviness in the chest.

◆

Cheating and jockeying at horse-races are matters *of course.*

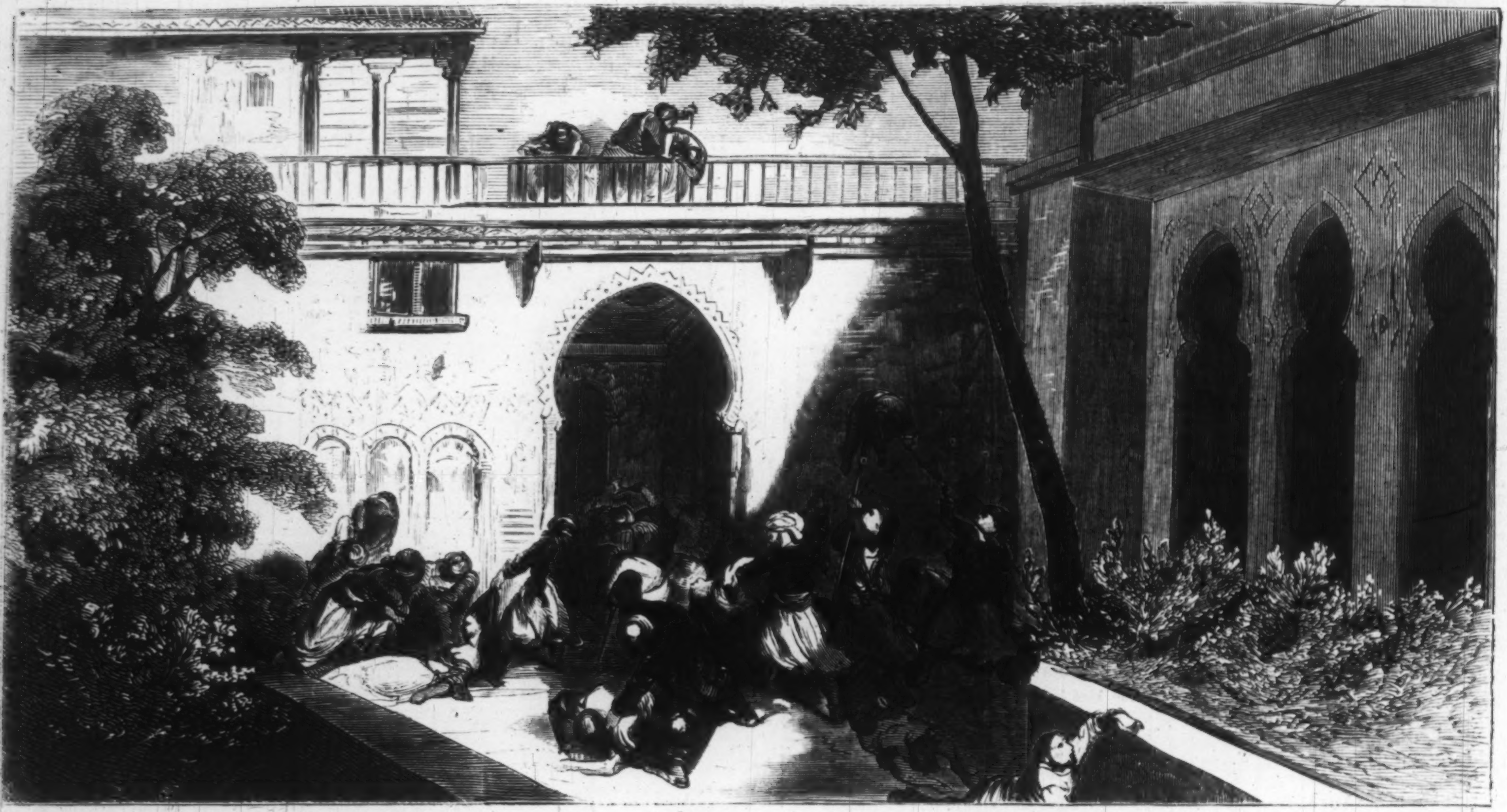
MASSACRES OF CHRISTIANS IN THE LEBANON.

WE publish on page 548 a picture of the massacre of the Maronite Christians of the Lebanon by the Druses, also a fine view of the city of Damascus, where the latest massacre occurred. For details of these events we refer to our late numbers, in which the sad tale was fully told. Our last issue contained a narrative of the outbreak at Damascus. We subjoin here a most striking letter on the subject from the famous Abd-el-Kader, who rendered gallant service to the Christians on that occasion. The Emir writes to the managers of the silk-works at Krey:

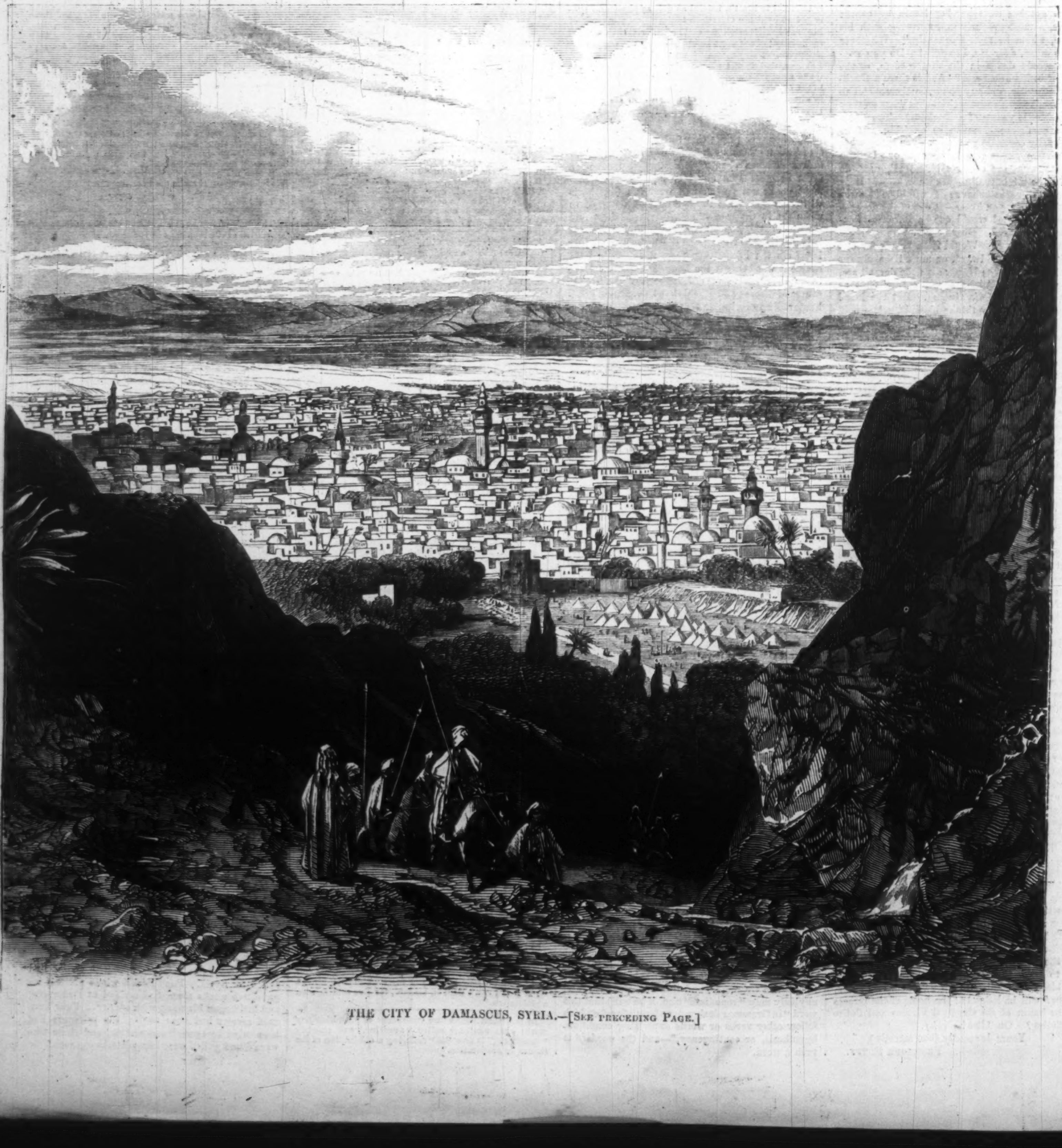
"DAMASCUS, 27th *Zulhege*, 1276 (*July* 18).

"DEAR AND HONORED FRIENDS,—I greatly desire to see you, and pray Allah to preserve you. I have received your honored letter, dated July 13, inquiring what happened to the Christians at Damascus. In answer, you are informed that on Monday, July 9, at about two in the afternoon, the war broke out, in consequence of a punishment inflicted upon a few Mussulmans who had insulted the Christians. These Mussulmans, in a state of frenzy, rushed, armed to the teeth, to the Christian quarter, and began slaying, burning, and pillaging at the same time. The Turkish soldiers came to assist them under the pretense of putting an end to the disturbance, but making common cause with the rioters, and killing, robbing, and plundering with them. A few old Mussulmans made efforts to stop the business, but the Turkish officers had no wish for peace, and, on the contrary, hounded on their soldiers against the unfortunate Christians, the soldiers being aided by hordes of plunderers belonging to every sect. Seeing matters were so desperate, I lost no time in taking under my protection these unfortunate Christians. I sallied forth, taking my Algerines with me, and we were able to save the lives of men, women, and children, and bring them home with us. This state of things lasted Monday and Tuesday, during which the rioters did not cease to kill, burn, and immolate the Christians without the Governor affording them any help. I sent for M. Lanusse, the French Consul, and other Frenchmen, to protect them from the fury of the mob. On the Wednesday, under the pretense of two Mussulmans having been found murdered, which was not the case, the war recommenced. Yet Damascus has a Governor; but it is the same thing as if it had not one. For me, I deplore the disaster which has befallen the Christians. The places where their houses stood can not be recognized; all their dwellings are reduced to ashes. The number killed is not yet known, but it is estimated at 3300. All the Europeans and Christians I have collected are in safety in my house. I provide them with all they want, and pray Allah to save the unfortunate Christians from those fanatics. ABD-EL-KADER-BEN MAHI-EDDIN."

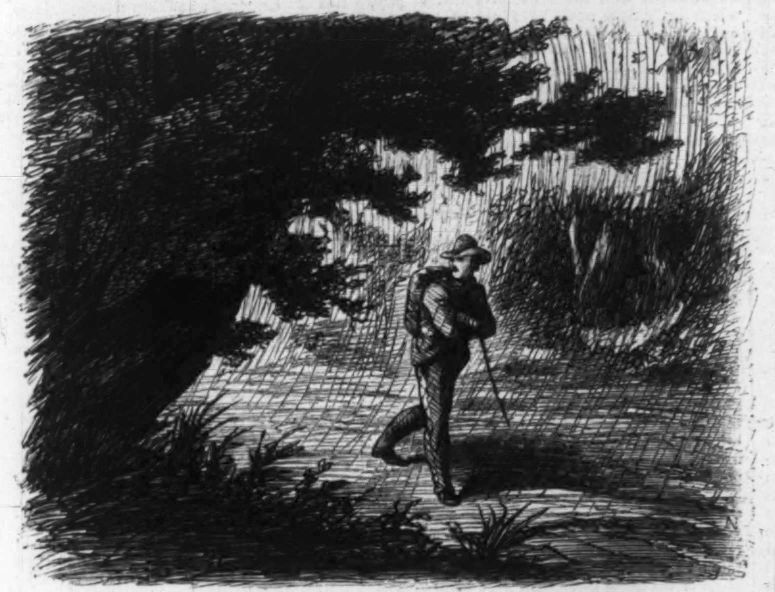
At latest dates some 6000 French troops had sailed for Syria. Fuad Pacha, whose portrait we gave two weeks since, had arrived at Damascus, and had begun his work with energy. Four hundred arrests had been made; the prisoners had been tried by special commission, and those who were found guilty were immediately executed.



MASSACRE OF MARONITE CHRISTIANS BY THE DRUSES IN THE COURT-YARD OF A HOUSE IN DHEIR-EL-KAMAR, SYRIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



THE CITY OF DAMASCUS, SYRIA.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



"AS I WALKED ONWARD AGAINST THE SWOOPING WIND AND THE PLASHING RAIN," ETC.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

As I walked onward against the swooping wind and the plashing rain I felt a sort of heroic ardor in the notion of breasting the adverse waves of life so boldly. It is not every fellow could do this: throw his knapsack on his shoulder, seize his stick, and set out in storm and blackness. No, Potts, my man; for downright inflexibility of purpose, for bold and resolute action, you need yield to none! It was, indeed, an awful night; the thunder rolled and crashed with scarce an interval of cessation; forked lightning tore across the sky in every direction; while the wind swept through the deep glen, smashing branches and uplifting large trees like mere shrubs. I was soon completely drenched, and my soaked clothes hung around with the weight of lead; my spirits, however, sustained me, and I toiled along, occasionally in a sort of wild bravado, giving a cheer as the thunder rolled close above my head, and trying to sing, as though my heart were as gay and my spirits as light as in an hour of happiest abandonment.

Jean Paul has somewhere the theory that our Good Genius is attached to us from our birth by a film fine as gossamer, and which few of us escape rupturing in the first years of youth, thus throwing ourselves at once without chart or pilot upon the broad ocean of life. He, however, more happily constituted, who feels the guidance of his guardian spirit, recognizes the benefits of its care, and the admonitions of its wisdom, *he* is destined to great things. Such men discover new worlds beyond the seas, carry conquest over millions, found dynasties, and build up empires; they whom the world regard as demigods having simply the wisdom of being led by Fortune, and not severing the slender thread that unites them to their destiny. Was I, Potts, in this glorious category? Had the lesson of the great moralist been such a warning to me that I had preserved the filmy link unbroken? I really began to think so; a certain impulse, a whispering voice within, that said, "Go on!" On, ever onward! seemed to be the accents of that Fate, which had great things in store for me, and would eventually make me illustrious.

No illusions of your own, Potts, no phantasmagoria of your own poor heated fancy, must wile you away from the great and noble part destined for you. No weakness, no faint-heartedness, no shrinking from toil, nor even peril. Work hard to know thoroughly for what Fate intends you; read your credentials well, and then go to your post unflinchingly. Revolving this theory of mine, I walked ever on. It opened a wide field, and my imagination disported in it, as might a wild mustang over some vast prairie. The more I thought over it, the more did it seem to me the real embodiment of that superstition which extends to every land and every family of men. We are Lucky when, submitting to our Good Genius, we suffer ourselves to be led along unresistingly; we are Unlucky when, breaking our frail bonds, we encounter life unguided and unaided.

What a docile, obedient, and believing pupil did I pledge myself to be! Fate should see that she had no refractory nor rebellious spirit in me, no self-indulgent voluptuary, seeking only the sunny side of existence, but a nature ready to confront the rugged conflict of life, and to meet its hardships, if such were my allotted path.

I applied the circumstances in which I then found myself to my theory, and met no difficulty in the adaptation. Blondel was to perform a great part in my future. Blondel was a symbol selected by fate to indicate a certain direction. Blondel was a lamp by which I could find my way in the dark paths of the world. With Blondel, my Good Genius would walk beside me, or occasionally get up on the crupper, but never leave me or desert me. In the high excitement of my mind I felt no sense of bodily fatigue, but walked on, drenched to the skin, alternately shivering with cold or burning with all the intensity of fever. In this state was it that I entered the little inn of Ovoca, soon after daybreak, and stood dripping in the bar, a sad spectacle of exhaustion and excitement. My first question was, "Has Blondel been here?" and before they could reply, I went on with all the rapidity of delirium to assure them that deception of me would be fruitless; that Fate and I understood each other thoroughly, traveled together on the best of terms, never disagreed about any thing, but, by a mutual system of give and take, hit it off like brothers. I talked for an hour in this strain, and then my poor faculties, long struggling and sore pushed, gave way completely, and I fell into brain fever.

I chanced upon kind and good-hearted folk, who nursed me with care, and watched me with interest; but my illness was a severe one, and it was only in the sixth week that I could be about again, a poor, weak, emaciated creature, with failing limbs and shattered nerves. There is an indescribable sense of weariness in the mind after fever, just as if the brain had been enormously overtaxed and exerted, and that in the pursuit of all the wild and fleeting fancies of delirium it had traveled over miles and miles of space. To the depressing influence of this sensation is added the difficulty of disentangling the capricious illusions of the sick-bed from the actual facts of life; and in this maze of confusion my first days of convalescence were passed. Blondel was my great puzzle. Was he a reality, or a mere creature of imagination? Had I really ridden him as a horse, or only as an idea? Was he a quadruped with mane and tail, or an allegory invented to typify destiny? I can not say what hours of painful brain-labor this inquiry cost me, and what intense research into myself. Strange enough, too, though I came out of the investigation convinced of his equine existence, I arrived at the conclusion that he was a "horse and something more." Not that I am able to explain myself more fully on that head, though, if I were writing this portion of my memoirs in German, I suspect I could convey enough of my meaning to give a bad headache to any one indulgent enough to follow me.

I set out once more upon my pilgrimage on a fine day of June, my steps directed to the village of Inistioge, where Father Dyke resided. I was too weak for much exertion, and it was only after five days of the road I reached at nightfall the little glen in which the village stood. The moon was up, streaking the wide market-places with long lines of yellow light between the rows of tall elm-trees, and tipping with silvery sheen the bright eddies of the beautiful river that rolled beside it. Over the granite cliffs that margined the stream laurel and arbutus and wild holly clustered in wild luxuriance, backed higher up again by tall pine-trees, whose leafy summits stood out against the sky; and lastly, deep within a waving meadow, stood an old ruined abbey, whose traceried window was now softly touched by the moonlight. All was still and silent, except the rush of the rapid river, as I sat down upon a stone bench to enjoy the scene and luxuriate in its tranquil serenity. I had not believed Ireland contained such a spot, for there was all the trim neatness and careful propriety of an English village, with that luxuriance of verdure and wild beauty so eminently Irish. How was it that I had never heard of it before? Were others aware of it, or was the discovery strictly my own? Or can it possibly be that all this picturesque loveliness is but the effect of a mellow moon? While I thus questioned myself I heard the sound of a quick footstep rapidly approaching, and soon afterward the pleasant tone of a rich voice humming an opera air. I arose, and saw a tall, athletic-looking figure, with rod and fishing-basket, approaching me.

"May I ask you, Sir," said I, addressing him, "if this village contains an inn?"

"There is, or rather there was, a sort of inn here," said he, removing his cigar as he spoke; "but the place is so little visited that I fancy the landlord found it would not answer, and so it is closed at this moment."

"But do visitors—tourists—never pass this way?"

"Yes; and a few salmon-fishers—like myself—come occasionally in the season; but then we dispose ourselves in little lodgings here and there, some of us with the farmers, one or two of us with the priest."

"Father Dyke, broke I in?"

"Yes; you know him, perhaps?"

"I have heard of him, and met him, indeed," added I, after a pause. "Where may his house be?"

"The prettiest spot in the whole glen. If you'd like to see it in this picturesque moonlight come along with me."

I accepted the invitation at once, and we walked on together. The easy, half-careless tone of the stranger, the loose, lounging stride of his walk, and a certain something in his mellow voice seemed to indicate one of those natures which, so to say, take the world well—temperaments that reveal themselves almost immediately. He talked away about fishing as he went, and appeared to take a deep interest in the sport, not heeding much the ignorance I betrayed on the subject, nor my ignoble confession that I had never adventured upon any thing higher than a worm and a quill.

"I'm sure," said he, laughingly, "Tom Dyke never encouraged you in such sporting tackle, glorious fly-fisher as he is."

"You forget, perhaps," replied I, "that I scarcely have any acquaintance with him. We met once only, at a dinner party."

"He's a pleasant fellow," resumed he; "devilish wide awake, one must say—up to most things in this same world of ours."

"That much my own brief experience of him can confirm," said I, dryly, for the remark rather jarred upon my feelings.

"Yes," said he, as though following out his own train of thought. "Old Tom is not a bird to be snared with coarse lines. The man must be an early riser that catches him napping."

I can not describe how all this irritated me. It sounded like so much direct sarcasm upon my weakness and want of acuteness.

"There's the 'Rosary;' that's his cottage," said he, taking my arm, while he pointed upward to a little jutting promontory of rock over the river, surmounted by a little thatched cottage almost embowered in roses and honeysuckles. So completely did it occupy the narrow limits of ground that the windows projected actually over the stream, and the creeping plants that twined through the little balconies hung in tangled masses over the water. "Search where you will, through the Scottish and Cumberland scenery, I defy you to match that," said my companion, "not to say that you can hook a four-pound fish from that little balcony on any summer evening while you smoke your cigar."

"It is a lovely spot, indeed," said I, inhaling with ecstasy the delicious perfume which, in the calm night air, seemed to linger in the atmosphere.

"He tells me," continued my companion, "and I take his word for it—for I am no florist—that there are seventy varieties of the rose on and around that cottage. I can answer for it, that you can't open a window without a great mass of flowers coming in showers over you. I told him, frankly, that if I were his tenant for longer than the fishing-season I'd clear half of them away."

"You live there, then?" asked I, timidly.

"Yes; I rent the cottage, all but two rooms, which he wished to keep for himself, but which he now writes me word may be let, for this month and the next, if a tenant offer. Would you like them?" asked he, abruptly.

"Of all things—that is—I think so—I should like to see them first!" muttered I, half startled by the suddenness of the question.

"Nothing easier," said he, opening a little wicket as he spoke, and beginning to ascend a flight of narrow steps cut in the solid rock. "This is a path of my designing," continued he, "the regular approach is on the other side; but this saves fully half a mile of road, though it be a little steep."

As I followed him up the ascent I proposed to myself a variety of questions, such as, where and how I was to procure accommodation for the night, and in what manner to obtain something to eat, of which I stood much in need? and I had gained a little flower-garden at the rear of the cottage before I could resolve any of these difficult points.

"Here we are!" said he, drawing a long breath. "You can't see much of the view at this hour; but to-morrow, when you stand on this spot, and look down that reach of the river, with Mont Alto in the back-ground, you'll tell me if you know any thing finer!"

"Is that Edward?" cried a soft voice; and at the same instant a young girl came hastily out of the cottage, and throwing her arms around my companion, exclaimed, "How you have alarmed me! What could possibly have kept you out so late?"

"A broad-shouldered fish, a fellow weighing twelve pounds at the very least, and who, after nigh three hours' playing, got among the rocks and smashed my tackle."

"And you lost him?"

"That did I, and some twenty yards of gut, and the top splice of my best rod, and my temper besides. But I'm forgetting: Mary, here is a gentleman who will, I hope, not refuse to join us at supper.—My sister."

By the manner of presentation it was clear that he expected to hear my name, and so I interposed, "Mr. Potts—Algernon Sydney Potts."

The young lady courtesied slightly, muttered something like a repetition of the invitation, and led the way into the cottage.

My astonishment was great at the "interior" now before me, for though all the arrangements bespoke habits of comfort and even luxury, there was a studious observance of cottage style in every thing, the book-shelves, the tables, the very piano-forte, being all made of white unvarnished wood; and I now perceived that the young lady herself, with a charming coquetry, had assumed something of the costume of the Oberland, and wore her bodice laced in front, and covered with silver embroidery both tasteful and becoming.

"My name is Crofton," said my host, as he disengaged himself of his basket and tackle; "we are almost as much strangers here as yourself. I came here for the fishing, and mean to take myself off when it's over."

"I hope not, Edward," broke in the girl, who was now, with the assistance of a servant woman, preparing the table for supper; "I hope you'll stay till we see the autumn tints on those trees."

"My sister is just as great an enthusiast about sketching as I am for salmon-fishing," said he, laughingly; "and for my own part, I like scenery and landscape very well, but think them marvelously heightened by something like sport. Are you an angler?"

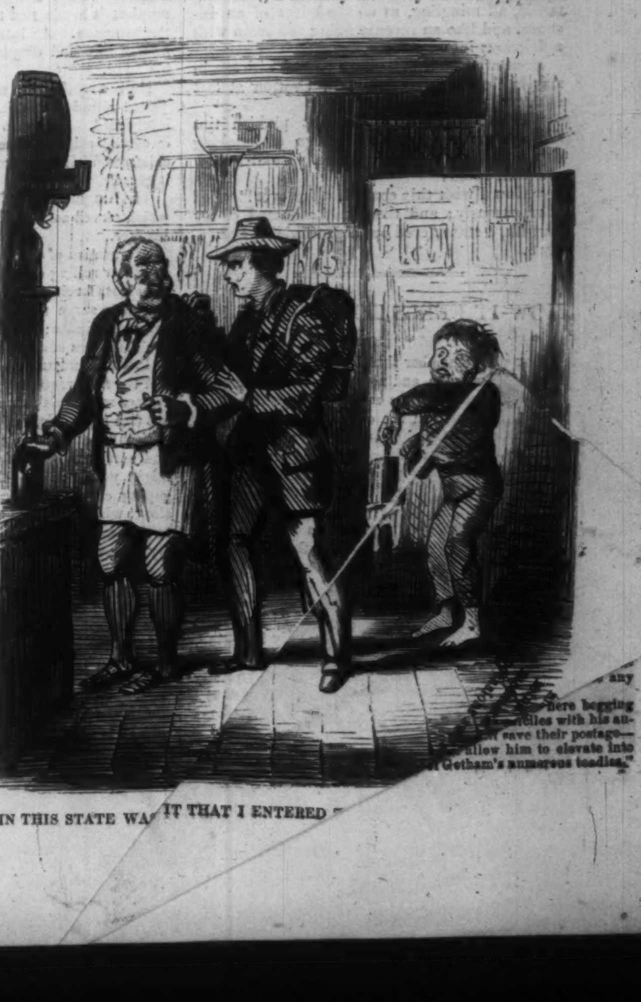
"No," said I; "I know nothing of the gentle craft."

"Fond of shooting, perhaps? Some men think the two sports incompatible."

"I am as inexpert with the gun as the rod," said I, diffidently.

I perceived that the sister gave a sly look under her long eyelashes toward me, but what its meaning I could not well discover. Was it depreciation of a man who avowed himself unacquainted with the sports of the field, or was it a quiet recognition of claims more worthy of regard? At all events, I perceived that she had very soft, gentle-looking gray eyes, a very fair skin, and a profusion of beautiful brown hair. I had not thought her pretty at first. I now saw that she was extremely pretty, and her figure, though slightly given to fullness, the perfection of grace.

Hungry, almost famished as I was, with a fast of twelve hours, I felt no impatience so long as she moved about in preparation for the meal. How she disposed the little table equipage, the careful solicitude with which she arranged the fruit and the flowers—not always satisfied with her first dispositions, but changing them for something different—all interested me vastly, and when at last we were summoned to table, I actually felt sorry and disappointed.



"IN THIS STATE WA IT THAT I ENTERED

any
here begging
with his au-
save their postage—
allow him to elevate into
Gotham's numerous toadies."

Was it really so delicious, was the cookery so exquisite? I own frankly that I am not a trust-worthy witness; but if my oath could be taken, I am willing to swear that I believe there never were such salmon-steaks, such a pigeon-pie, and such a damson-tart served to mortals as these. My enthusiasm, I suspect, must have betrayed itself in some outward manifestation, for I remember Crofton laughingly having remarked,

"You will turn my sister's head, Mr. Potts, by such flatteries; all the more, since her cookery is self-taught."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Potts; I have studied all the great masters of the art, and you shall have an omelet to-morrow for breakfast Brillat Savarin himself would not despise."

I blushed at the offer of a hospitality so neatly and delicately insinuated, and had really no words to acknowledge it, nor was my confusion unfavorably judged by my hosts. Crofton marked it quickly, and said,

"Yes, Mr. Potts, and I'll teach you to hook a trout afterward. Meanwhile, let us have a glass of Sauterne together; we drink it out of green glasses to cheat ourselves into the fancy that it's Rhenish."

"'Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben,'" said I, quoting the students' song.

"Oh, have you been in Germany?" cried she, eagerly.

"Alas! no," said I. "I have never traveled." I thought she looked disappointed as I said this. Indeed, I already wished it unsaid, but her brother broke in with,

"We are regular vagabonds, Mr. Potts. My sister and myself have had a restless paroxysm for the last three years of life, and what with seeking cold spots for the summer and hot climates for winter, we are scarcely ever off the road."

"Like the gentleman, I suppose, who ate oysters for appetite, but carried his system so far as to induce indigestion." My joke failed; nobody laughed, and I was overwhelmed with confusion, which I was fain to bury in my strawberries and cream.

"Let us have a little music, Mary," said Crofton. "Do you play, or sing, Mr. Potts?"

"Neither. I do nothing," cried I, in despair. "As Sydney Smith says, 'I know something about the Romans,' but, for any gift or grace which could adorn society, or make time pass more pleasantly, I am an utter bankrupt."

The young girl had, while I was speaking, taken her place at the piano-forte, and was half listlessly suffering her hands to fall in cords over the instrument.

"Come out upon this terrace here," cried Crofton to me, "and we'll have our cigar! What I call a regular luxury after a hard day is to lounge out here in the cool night air, and enjoy one's weed while listening to Spohr or Beethoven."

It was really delightful. The bright stars were all reflected in the calm river down below, and a thousand odors floated softly on the air as we sat there.

Are there not in every man's experience short periods in which he seemed to have lived longer than during whole years of life? They tell us there are certain conditions of the atmosphere, inappreciable as to the qualities, which seem to ripen wines, imparting to young fresh vintages all the mellow richness of age, all the depth of flavor, all the velvety softness of time. May there not possibly be influences which similarly affect our natures? May there not be seasons in which changes as great as these are wrought within us? I firmly believe it, and as firmly that such a period was that in which I sat on the balcony over the Nore, listening to Mary Crofton as she sang, but just as often lost to every sound, and deep in a heaven of blended enjoyments, of which no one ingredient was in the ascendant. Starry sky, rippling river, murmuring night winds, perfumed air, floating music, all mingling, as do the odors of an incense, and like an incense filling the brain with a delicious intoxication.

Hour after hour must have passed with me in this half-conscious ecstasy, for Crofton at last said,

"There, where you see that pinkish tint through the gray, that's the sign of breaking day, and the signal for bedtime. Shall I show you your room?"

"How I wish this could last for ever!" cried I, rapturously; and then, half ashamed of my warmth, I stammered out a good-night, and retired.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE HANGED.

* * * * * *

You will remember that I have long been a student of mesmerism, and no mean adept in its practice. You recollect the success with which I induced coma, even in the cases of the most obstinate unbelievers, and you must have been struck with several extraordinary cases of clairvoyance which I succeeded in producing. Above all, you must have remarked the mastery I obtained over the wills of one or two of the more susceptible of our friends, and how I seemed, as it were, to infuse my mind into theirs; so that they acted, felt, spoke, precisely as I did, without any external indications by me of my wishes or feelings; but there was, if possible, a more extraordinary faculty which I occasionally possessed. I had, at certain seasons of the year, and generally in spring, the power of drawing the minds of others into my own; so that I thought, felt, and acted precisely as they did, with this important difference, that I maintained intact my own consciousness, and my [illegible]ent on precisely as if it had not been in [illegible]port with another. I became on these [illegible]ings in one.

I was a member of the last Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. There was one man who incurred our sentence of death, regarding whose fate none of us felt any pity, for of his guilt there was no doubt. He had murdered an old man and his daughter for the sake of some gold-dust they had gathered. With respect to this villain, we of the Vigilance Committee showed even more than ordinary promptitude. He was condemned the very day he committed the crime, and his execution was fixed for the day after.

An immense crowd had gathered to see the execution, some of them not indisposed to attempt a rescue. But the Vigilance Committee and their adherents, determined and armed, kept a clear space round the scaffold. At its foot stood the criminal, a clergyman of uncertain persuasion and dubious character, who had turned up in the diggings, a man who had volunteered to perform the last ceremony, and who alleged some degree of professional experience acquired in England, and, lastly, three of the Vigilance Committee, of whom I was one.

I had previously attempted to make some impression on the murderer's conscience, but it was fenced in by such a net-work of sophistry, and overlaid by such a coating of sensuality and crime, that I had altogether failed. As a last attempt, I took his hand and spoke to him with that earnestness becoming the last appeal he was to hear on earth. Involuntarily my power of mesmerism came into play. I felt I had obtained an influence over him. I intensified the influence. The man was morbidly susceptible; and to my horror I found, before I could realize what I had done, that I was in full mesmeric *rapport* with him. His mind, which at first I felt I absolutely controlled, had passed into mine, and that ever-mysterious dual existence of which I spoke at the beginning of this letter was fully induced. Now it is one of the characteristics of this rare species of clairvoyance that neither the operator nor the subject can for some time emancipate himself from its influence. Any other phase is quite within the power of the mesmerizer, though not of the mesmerized. But in this, the most perfect *rapport*, the power of the operator to emancipate himself is not so complete. The influence or possession wears off in time, but notwithstanding the most strenuous and even painful exertions of the will, I have never been able thoroughly to disconnect my consciousness from that of the other party in a shorter space of time than an hour.

Here, then, I was unexpectedly, and as it were fatally, *en rapport* with a man who was in a few instants to be hanged. I shuddered at the thought, and would willingly have escaped, but I was in the meshes of my own net, and I knew well that any premature efforts would only tighten its folds. I therefore submitted to my fate, which was simply this, that so far as thought, emotion, and suffering went, I was going to be executed as a felon. I could not help it. I nerved myself to endure the physical pain, persuading myself that, after all, it would not be so very terrible; and I tried to get up a feeling of scientific curiosity in what was going to happen. "Here," said I, "is an opportunity no man ever had before, and which no man probably will ever have again. It is given to me to unravel the mystery of death, to ascertain precisely and accurately the pain of dissolution, and to realize the mental state which immediately precedes the final loss of consciousness, if indeed (and I trembled at the thought) there be any loss of consciousness." At all events, I determined to keep my spectator self in the most rigorous state of attention, and I sat down on a bench close at hand, and took out my watch and my pocket-book and pencil, ready to note down accurately the murderer's sensations, experienced by myself.

I felt immediately pervade my foreign self a feeling of stoical apathy. "It is my fate," thought the murderer; "I can not escape. Let me not gratify these fools by any sign of fear. I hate them all. But my account with the world will soon be closed. A struggle, and I will be annihilated." Thus muttering to himself, I felt the murderer's hands tied tightly behind his back by the hangman. An intense feeling of hatred of the human race and disgust at himself shot through his mind.

He has reached the scaffold. I felt the rope adjusted round his neck. A moment of hesitation intervened. "I am to do the last and fatal thing on earth," said he, as he still clutched the handkerchief. "Well, why prolong the suspense? There it goes!"

The hangman pushed the murderer off the plank which served as a scaffold; no covering was over his face.

A sensation of overwhelming waters, billow after billow rolling over my head and striking me on the chest, forcing me backward from my vain attempts to surge up against it; the noise as of unceasing thunder; shrieks of tortured demons, and the blackness of darkness.

FIRST MINUTE.—Suddenly I am conscious; I feel the rope round my neck; I vehemently try to release my hands to loosen it. Oh, if I could but get free my hands, I might yet be saved! I strike with my feet; I swing myself back. Oh, heaven and earth, could my feet but reach the scaffold I might yet be saved—there might be pity in that gaping crowd! I recollect or imagine some old story, which said that a man, if he once gets back to the scaffold, can't be pushed from it again. In my frenzy I think I see the act of Parliament with the Queen's signature. Yes, yes, the murderer faintly gurgles, I am yet saved!

In vain! in vain! my efforts are hopeless; I subside in despair. But woe is me! this seems to have taken hours. I am choking; my lungs labor like a mighty engine, and my heart beats as if it would burst through my breast; but I am not yet dying. And yet I have read that the struggles of the hanging man do not last three minutes, and I have seen many an execution where the man died instantaneously; but I, I have been hours in agony.

The felon looked with his eyes nearly protruding from their sockets on the crowd. There was no weariness with them, no movement of pity, which surely there would have been even for him, suffering such protracted agony. Has his agony, then, really lasted so long as he thinks? Alas, he is the only one to think about it, and, oh misery! time is annihilated. Time is relative, and the acute mind of the murderer at once recognized that what we feel as time is merely the succession of our ideas, and that, if these are quickened, time loses its meaning. If, for instance, a certain number of ideas, which when in life, said he to himself (and the murderer reasoned as if he were dead), seemed to occupy a minute of time, were accelerated so as to occupy only a second or a fraction of a second, then a minute of human time may represent an hour, a week, a year.

But having arrived at this conclusion, his mind for a time lost coherence; suddenly he and I saw a cottage by the side of a brook, and the murderer felt himself a young boy, sitting on the banks of the brook, sorrowful and crying he knew not why, but from some unutterable misery. And now there came out of the honey-suckled door a beautiful girl. He saw her as he recollected her, his first beloved, in the days of his innocence, the same bright blue eye, and golden hair, and bounding figure. She came up to him. I felt her soft arm put tenderly round his neck, and she kissed the tears from his wretched face. "Dearest George," she whispered, "why are you crying? Look at your own Mary." And in my murderer's heart, regenerated back to its youth, I felt a fleeting sensation of happiness and joy. When out from an angle of the house sprang a furious mastiff; with the bound he wrenched the child from his neck, and she rolled, shrieking in terror, into the brook. I—that is, the murderer—tried in vain to save her; but, alas! alas! he was rooted to the spot, and the dog seized him by the throat, and I felt, as its jaws tightened upon him, that I was choking.

SECOND MINUTE.—The murderer for a second or two was insensible; on recovering, he felt fiery pains shoot through his body. His eyes seemed on flame, and his tongue, which he had severely bitten, protruded from his mouth. Again he realized his position, and again the dismal phantasmagoria of frenzy supervened; again the honey-suckled cottage, but now the flowers are away, and an icy winter has taken all color from nature; the brook is arrested, and corrugated icy ridges rear themselves above its banks. But there comes thither, tripping with such light steps that the hoar-frost on the grass is not disturbed, a figure in the full bloom of womanhood, the same golden hair and blue eyes; but the girl is ten years older now, and she carols with merry voice a melancholy ditty of love and suicide. And she puts her arms round his neck and kisses him; but somehow her kisses burn, and the embrace of her arm gets tighter round his neck. "Not so tight, my beloved," he seems to say; "let me breathe." And as the pressure continues, he tries to loosen her arms; but, soft to the touch at first, they gradually become rigid as iron. His breathing becomes difficult; he looks up for pity in her face. It has changed; it is Mary still, but not the bright and glorious Mary whose innocence he betrayed, but the Mary whom, ten years after his desertion, he had met in a haunt of thieves in London, haggard, hopeless, revengeful; and the iron grasp of her arm tightened, and she looked with the hatred of a demon into his darkening eyes, and suddenly the phantasm vanished, and he saw looking up the unpitying faces of the crowd, and the hag's arms were changed into the fatal rope.

FIRST HALF OF THE THIRD MINUTE.—Gradually again mania supervened. He was at his mother's death-bed. He heard anew her last and solemn exhortations, and he looked again at the stern face of his father. Ah! now he felt what had been that mother's love; now he could see, with spiritual intuition, the despair which tore his father's heart; and he threw himself before them, and promised that, if they would but forgive him, he would give up his evil ways. And he thought that his mother tried to speak his pardon, but she was choking in the agony of death, and the blessed words could not find an utterance. But he threw himself on his knees at her bed, and tried in vain to weep. It was too late: one violent spasmodic effort, and then all was still, and the father and son were alone. And then memory conjured up the final quarrel with his father, which had driven him to despair. He lived over again that miserable night when first he was houseless. Slowly and painfully there passed before his mind's eye the criminal and disastrous actions of his life, reproduced in all their detail—and then utter unconsciousness.

SECOND HALF OF THE THIRD MINUTE.—The murderer thought he heard a voice saying to him, "Solve me immediately the origin of evil. Tell me the destiny of man, its reasons, and its uses. Separate to me the free from the fatal. Tell me what is human, what divine justice." And he thought over these problems, which he had formerly meditated on in vain; but his reasons always ran into a circle; he was ever coming back to the point from which he started, and the different problems mixed themselves up together. Against his will, the train of thought he had been pursuing on one subject glanced into another to which it had no relation. But somehow it appeared to him that they all merged in the idea of Eternity, and that idea conjured up the Egyptian symbol of the serpent biting its tail, and this set agoing a new train of phantasms. The arguments he had been using suddenly became folds of serpents, joined themselves together, and grew, each problem, into a separate serpent, all of which turned hissing upon him, and wound themselves round his body. Tighter and tighter grew their folds, which multiplied to infinity, until at last the pressure seemed to force out his life, and he again became unconscious.

FIRST QUARTER OF THE FOURTH MINUTE.—The murderer awoke with a start. For a moment—to him and to me an hour—he realized his real position and struggled; and then strong madness, and there appeared before him in solemn array *all* his victims: his mother, with no pity in her face; his father, as he was when last they parted; Mary, not the child or the beautiful woman, but Mary the lost and the hopeless; the boy he had killed in London in an access of passion; the ruined merchant, accompanied by his beggared family; and many others; but conspicuously the old man and his daughter; and seated on an elevated platform was a judge—the classical Rhadamanthus. And, behold, one after the other gave testimony against him, and he had no defense; and as they one by one delivered their testimony, their sins were put to his account, and he was frequently tortured to supply broken links of evidence. At last, after the trial had endured for months—it might be for years—there remained only the old man and his daughter, and Mary the hag, and Rhadamanthus; and Mary put her iron arms again round his neck, while severe and unpitying Rhadamanthus looked down upon them.

The murderer was dead.

One morning I awoke. My existence was changed. I came back to time. I found myself lying on a bed, and some friends were bathing my temples. I had fainted, they said, at the sight of the execution, and it had been some time before they had succeeded in bringing me back to consciousness. Oh! had they known what was involved in *that!* But I could not speak of my experiences. For a long time I could speak coherently of nothing. I believe my companions were right in sending me down to San Francisco, and that the control, to which for some time I was subjected, was necessary. For long my mind was unequal to any task. Ever, when I attempted to think of any thing, the century of agony I had undergone came back to my memory.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

A COMMUNICATION has been made to the British Government by Mr. Trescot, the Acting Secretary of State, on the subject of the Coolie and Slave trade, in answer to one from Lord John Russell. The latter made a proposition that a system of cruising should be established on the Cuban coast for the prevention of the landing of native Africans and the seizure of slave vessels in Cuban waters. To this proposition our Government can not give its consent, for the reason that it would be a departure from our established policy of non-intervention in the affairs of foreign nations. Another proposition was that the United States Government should give its consent to the importation of Coolies as apprentices; but this is also objected to for good and sufficient reasons.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention assembled at Syracuse on 22d, and organized temporarily by the election of James C. Smith, of Ontario, to preside. The list of delegates was then called, and the matter of credentials settled satisfactorily, when the President appointed a Committee to select permanent officers, and the Convention took a recess. On reassembling, the Committee reported in favor of James M. Cook for permanent President, with the usual number of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. A Committee on Resolutions was then appointed, after which the Convention proceeded to the nomination of candidates for State officers, with the following result:

Governor..............	EDWIN D. MORGAN, of New York.
Lieutenant-Governor ..	ROBT. CAMPBELL, of Monroe.
Canal Commissioner ...	S. H. BARNES, of Chenango.
State Prison Inspector.	JAMES K. BATES, of Jefferson.

After the selection of the State ticket, the Electoral ticket was arranged and the State Committee was appointed.

A PROTEST FROM SOUTH CAROLINA AGAINST DISUNION.

A letter from Colonel B. F. Perry, of South Carolina, has been published in the Charleston *Courier*. It is a very able and manly protest against the menaces of Disunion in which many prominent Southern politicians are permitting themselves to indulge. Colonel Perry was a member of the South Carolina Legislature last year, and is a gentleman of great ability and independence of character.

NEWS FROM THE JAPANESE.

The *Niagara* reached the Cape de Verde Islands on the 17th of July, having made the distance in seventeen days. The Japanese expressed themselves as much pleased with their visit to this country. The Embassadors had caused to be removed from the cabin assigned to them almost every article of furniture which had been provided expressly for them here at great cost, preferring to sit on the carpet in the Oriental style. They managed to while away the time in eating seven or eight times a day, smoking, playing chess, and caressing their great toes—which latter operation afforded them evident solace and satisfaction. Tommy was as lively and amusing as ever, and still addicted himself to the habit of writing love-letters to his sweet-hearts.

ANOTHER PRIZE-FIGHT.

A prize-fight took place on Tuesday in the neighborhood of Island Pond between two pugilists named Kelly and Kerrigan. They fought twenty-five rounds, when Kerrigan, having received a foul blow, was declared the victor. Neither party received much punishment.

A DARING CONSPIRACY FOILED.

The Richmond (Virginia) *Dispatch* says: "One of the most daring conspiracies by negroes to murder a white man that we have ever heard of came to light in Halifax County, about fifteen miles from Danville, on Wednesday or Thursday, for the particulars of which we are indebted to Conductor Cheatham, of the Richmond and Danville Railway.

"Mr. Samuel Hairston, a wealthy farmer in Halifax, has an overseer on one of his plantations who is a strict disciplinarian, and a man of great firmness. On the day in question, while the overseer was sitting in his office, six stout negro fellows employed upon the farm called upon him, and after informing him that a party of negroes in the woods near by was preparing for an insurrection, invited him to go with them and witness the plan of operations. Not suspecting that they had any design upon him, but being anxious to capture the ringleaders of the rebels, if he should see them, he stepped into another room, armed himself with a five-shooter, and then started off with the assassins, they not knowing that he was fully prepared for any emergency.

"The negroes led the way until getting into the forest some distance, when they suddenly stopped near a newly-dug [illegible], when the spokesman confronted him, and, pointing to the hole, said to him, 'There, you —— son of a ——, is your grave! You have but fifteen minutes to make your peace with God or to land in hell!' Quick as thought the overseer drew his Colt's revolver, killed four of the ruffians dead at his feet, and shot the fifth one in the abdomen; seeing which the sixth one took to his heels through the woods, and the overseer having no other weapon, he escaped.

"The impression prevails that the six negroes had determined to murder the overseer because of some de-served punishment one or more of them had received, and laid the above plan to get him off in the woods to effect their ends. His presence of mind in taking his pistol, and his coolness in the hour of danger, when no white person was nigh to aid him, doubtless saved him from a horrid death."

A SNUG FAMILY.

We find the following in the New York *Daily News:* "D. S. Dickinson of Binghamton, Broome County, is represented in the New York Custom-house by Ausburn Birdsall, his son-in-law, who draws from the General Government, with salary and seizures, some $20,000 per annum; a brother of Daniel S. is Deputy Naval Officer, a position worth between three and four thousand dollars a year; Ausburn Birdsall's brother has a good berth in the place of Entry Clerk, with two or three thousand a year. Ausburn Birdsall's brother-in-law is a United States Weigher, which is worth three or four thousand dollars a year, and on the first of August a person by the name of Murray, a recently acquired son-in-law of Daniel S., was provided with a profitable position in the New York Custom-house. Samuel G. Courtney, another son-in-law of Mr. D., it is rumored is to be provided for shortly, as a small consolation for his overwhelming defeat when running for the office of District Attorney of Albany County. Who says the Dickinson family is not well provided for?"

PERSONAL.

Mr. D. U. Martin, the gentleman who left Boston some two weeks ago in a little two-oared wherry, arrived safely in this city on Thursday about 5¼ o'clock, having accomplished his extraordinary feat in about eighty hours of actual rowing, averaging over five miles per hour. He subsisted almost wholly on berries and other fruit, drinking no water; the last day's pull, from a place ten miles east of Sands Point, was accomplished after a late breakfast, a portion of one water-melon only serving for his refreshment. He took lodgings with Mr. Darling at No. 504 Sheriff Street.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "POPE'S OWN" AT HOME.

THE "Pope's Own" are in the greatest distress. A large party of the "Brigade" landed at Hull on the 31st ult., and their condition excited the greatest commiseration. They were shoeless and stockingless, and their garments hung about them in rags and tatters. Some maintain a dogged silence, and others freely expose the great deceit practiced upon them by the agents of His Holiness. General Lamoricière will find it hard work to make up that "second Brigade." The next Irishmen who enlist in any Italian service will most likely prefer that of Garibaldi. Perhaps the "Pope's Own" who have been already caught may be compelled to find shelter under the banners of the Liberator ere many weeks have elapsed.

FRANCE.

DEPARTURE OF THE SYRIAN SQUADRON.

A telegram dated Marseilles, Thursday, August 9, says: "General Beaufort has left for Syria with 1000 men. In an order of the day he reminds the soldiers that they are going to avenge offended humanity in a country where they will find souvenirs of Godefroy, the Crusaders, General Bonaparte, and the first Republic. He concluded by saying, 'The wishes of the whole of Europe accompany the expedition.' Three vessels have left Toulon with troops for Syria."

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH TO THE TROOPS.

The Emperor, after reviewing the troops destined for Syria, addressed them as follows:

"SOLDIERS! You leave for Syria. France hails with joy an expedition, the sole aim of which is to cause the rights of justice and humanity to triumph. You do not go to make war against a foreign nation, but to assist the Sultan in bringing back to obedience his subjects, who are blinded by the fanaticism of the former century. In that district you have great reminiscences. Fulfill your duty; show yourselves worthy to be the children of those who once gloriously carried into that country the banner of Christ. You do not leave in great numbers, but your courage and prestige are a supply to the deficiency; because, whenever the French flag is seen to pass, the nations know that a great cause precedes it, and that great people follow it."

The Emperor has given 200,000 francs in aid of the fugitives from Syria.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON CALABRIA.

There are no public advices of the whereabouts of Garibaldi. Our previous intelligence informed us that some of his troops had invested or besieged Fort Scylla. Since then no accounts have come either confirming or denying this statement. We learn, however, that private letters have been received stating that Garibaldi had actually landed on the main land, and was *en route* for Naples. His letter to Victor Emanuel, and the fact that he had been making extensive preparations for operations on the main land, indicates the truth of the assertions in these private advices. Naples, of course, will suppress all news of this sort, and it is only through diplomatic sources that such information can be obtained.

NAPLES IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

Naples has been declared in a state of siege. It is reported that Austria would take sides with the Neapolitan Government in the event of Garibaldi landing at Naples, and that the obligations of the treaty of Villafranca would be disregarded. Austria has also demanded from Piedmont an explanation of the letter of Garibaldi to Victor Emanuel. There are also rumors of an Austrian manifesto against the treaty of Villafranca making its appearance on the Emperor's birth-day. Garibaldi is said to have visited Naples in person, to confer with the revolutionary leaders.

LETTER FROM VICTOR EMANUEL TO GARIBALDI.

The following letter has been sent by Victor Emanuel to Garibaldi:

"DEAR GENERAL,—You know that when you started for Sicily you did not have my approbation. To-day, considering the gravity of existing circumstances, I decide upon giving you a warning, being aware of the sincerity of your sentiments for me.

"In order to put an end to a war between Italians and Italians, I counsel you to renounce the idea of passing with your valorous troops to the Neapolitan main land, provided that the King of Naples consents to evacuate the whole of the island, and to leave the Sicilians free to deliberate upon and to settle their destinies.

"I would reserve to myself full liberty of action relative to Sicily in the event of the King of Naples being unable to accept this condition. General, follow my advice, and you will see that it is useful to Italy, whose power of augmenting her merits you would facilitate by showing to Europe that even as she knows how to conquer so does she know how to make a good use of her victory."

GARIBALDI'S REPLY.

Garibaldi does not seem to feel the pressure of this letter as very heavy, for he has very coolly replied to the King as follows:

"SIRE,—Your Majesty knows the high esteem and the devotion which I feel toward your Majesty; but such is the present state of things in Italy that, at the present moment, I can not obey your Majesty's injunctions, much as I should like it. I am called for and urged on by the people of Naples. I have tried in vain, with what influence I had, to restrain them, feeling, as I do, that a more favorable moment would be desirable. But if I should now hesitate I should endanger the cause of Italy, and not fulfill my duty as an Italian. May your Majesty, therefore, permit me this time not to obey. As soon as I shall have done with the task imposed upon me by the wishes of the people who groan under the tyranny of the Neapolitan Bourbon, I shall lay down my sword at your Majesty's feet, and shall obey your Majesty for the remainder of my lifetime. GARIBALDI."

The letter is dated Melazzo, the 27th of July.

INVASION OF THE PAPAL STATES.

A letter from Rome states that on the 1st inst. a body of 1500 Piedmontese volunteers landed at San Stefano, on the Papal territory. They intended to march on Corneto. General Guyon immediately sent orders to the commander of the battalion of Chasseurs stationed at Civita Vecchia to detach a part of his force for the protection of the threatened town. The French garrison of Rome (General Guyon having left on the 6th) is commanded temporarily by General Noue.

THE "POPE'S OWN" IN TROUBLE AGAIN.

A communication from Rome, of the 4th inst., says:

"St. Patrick's battalion has again been troublesome at Spoleto, and dark hints have been thrown out that the battalion will be broken up, and the soldiers dispersed through other foreign regiments in consequence. I should hardly think this can ever be the case without the consent of the soldiers themselves, as it is expressly specified in their printed engagements that they are no longer to be considered as obliged to serve if foreign soldiers or officers are introduced into the corps, or if it ever ceases to be an essentially Irish regiment. The row at Spoleto took place a few days ago, and appears to have commenced among the Irish themselves. Their commanding officer, Major O'Reilly, wished to quiet the affair himself, and would no doubt have succeeded in doing so, but Colonel Pimodan, a French officer, who commands the whole troops in garrison at Spoleto, insisted on sending a force of gens d'armes to establish order. A desperate conflict ensued, in which many hard blows were exchanged. The most serious injury inflicted appears to have been from the sabre of a gendarme, which cut down an unfortunate Paddy entirely. General de Lamoricière has, I understand, declined receiving Major O'Reilly's report on the affair, the official relation of which is to come from Colonel Pimodan."

A TOUCHING TALE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "When Garibaldi arrived at Barcelona, he first directed his steps to the ambulance, to visit the wounded of Medici's two skirmishes, who numbered, perhaps, fifty persons. He stopped with surprise before the bed of a beardless boy, whom he recognized at once as Quinto. Garibaldi interrogated him as to how he got there, wounded, after having been sent off to Genoa. The boy, more embarrassed than the first time, made his confession. He had scampered across the fields, had gained the high road to Messina, and followed on till he caught up with the army of Medici. When Medici sent forward his reconnoitring party toward Melazzo, and became engaged with the enemy, Quinto watched his chance till one of the men fell; he then seized the fallen man's gun and accoutrements, and bounded forward into the thickest of the fight.

"'And that's the way, you little rascal,' said Garibaldi, smiling, 'that you have got yourself maimed. Where is your wound?' At this question Quinto lost countenance, but replied, 'In the back, General.' 'Oh! oh!' said Garibaldi, with a smile of pity. 'You see now, *coglione*, that war is no child's play. I hope the wound is not dangerous?' 'Oh no, only a spent ball.'

"Garibaldi walked away with a shrug of the shoulders. In the back? The poor boy understood the insinuation only too well, but could not find at the moment a word with which to justify himself. But when the General was gone he rolled on his bed of straw, shedding tears of rage and humiliation.

"The General had not seen the young volunteer for the last time. The incidents which accompanied the battle of Melazzo are known. At the most critical moment, when the Dictator was engaged in a hand-to-hand fight in his own defense, he saw suddenly reappear at his side the young volunteer he had left the evening before at the ambulance. 'What! that *gamin* again!' exclaimed Garibaldi. But at the same moment the poor boy made an effort to show his bleeding breast, and uttering a cry worthy of a hero of antiquity, 'This time, General, it is the good side!' he fell dead at Garibaldi's feet."

SYRIA.

THE LATEST FROM DAMASCUS.

The latest dates from Damascus report all quiet there, but murders were still committed in the surrounding country. Thirty thousand Christian women were sold at twenty-five piastres each, and were detained in harems.

The Imperial firman to the people of Syria, accompanied by the proclamation of Fuad Pacha, Minister for Foreign Affairs at Constantinople, mention of which has been made in our foreign advices, has been published. It is stated that the multitude who listened to its reading at Beyrout received it, contrary to the usual custom, in perfect silence.

It is stated now, in contradiction to previous reports, that the English intend to land fifteen hundred men in Syria; but whether this force is to act in concert with the French, or merely to protect British subjects, the telegram does not say.

PROMPT ACTION OF FUAD PACHA.

The prompt action of Fuad Pacha appears to be restoring confidence among the Christians of Syria. The Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs transmits to the Turkish Embassador in London the following telegram from Fuad Pacha, dated Damascus, August 4:

"Yesterday I arrested 330 of those who took part in the massacres. To-day the number of arrests exceeds 400. By the day after to-morrow, at latest, the persons of rank who are gravely compromised will be under arrest. The guilty persons condemned by the Council Extraordinary, which I have already appointed, will be executed immediately. A great part of the property, furniture, and articles of value that had been hidden away has been seized. The respectable inhabitants have given us moral support by their calmness. The evil-doers are struck with terror. The greatest tranquillity has prevailed in the town during these arrests, which have been effected without striking a blow. The Imperial troops have given a fresh proof of zeal and patriotism."

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

A letter from Beyrout, dated 21st July, says: "I wrote on the 19th inst. Since then we have had news from Damascus down to yesterday morning. The reign of terror continues. A Christian has only to show his head in order to be cut down by the mob. During the five days' massacre about a thousand Christian families have found refuge in the Serai, or large government house. Of these nearly the whole of the women had been violated by the Turkish soldiers, under the very eye of the Pacha. The whole Christian quarter is burned down, hardly a house remaining, and fifteen thousand souls are now houseless. The Christian merchants had lost their all—money, bonds, books, and valuables; and many of those who a week ago could count their fortunes by tens of thousands sterling are now beggars.

"In Beyrout Fuad Pacha has done nothing as yet beyond putting three or four inferior military officers under arrest. It appears that he has the fullest powers, even of life and death. If he uses them to proper effect, and is prompt in striking those that are guilty, he will make a name for himself of European fame. But I fear greatly, not for the man, but for the great obstacles he will find thrown in his way.

"The Moslems will be furious if a hair of one of their co-religionists is touched; and unless ample punishment is inflicted on several pachas and other high officials in Syria, and this in the province where they have offended, the just anger of the Christian Powers will not be satisfied."

NO AMERICANS IN DAMASCUS.

A letter from a missionary says: "There were no American citizens in Damascus at the time of the massacre. Mr. Crawford and family are living in the village of Yebrood, some ten hours' distance from the city, and occupied a house jointly with a Moslem Sheik. This fact in itself will secure his protection. Singular as it may seem a Moslem will lose his own life sooner than allow the guest in his house to be molested. Thousands of Christians were saved in this way in Damascus—and it is currently reported that several Moslems lost their lives in defending the Christians who had taken refuge in their houses. Forty Moslem houses were burned during the insurrection, whether by accident or in revenge for private wrongs is not known.

HORRIBLE STORIES OF THE WOMEN.

"Horrible stories are afloat about the thousands of Christian women of Damascus. Our blood almost congeals at the thought of such a fate. I knew many of them; they were fair and beautiful, and many of them gentle and to some extent cultivated. Hundreds of these were doubtless buried beneath the ruins of their burning houses; but we are told that thousands were carried off into the interior by the Koords and Arabs of the desert, to be destroyed at their leisure. Horror of horrors! We learn that many of them have turned Moslems to save their lives. Several hundred of such renegades have been reported, and doubtless there are many more not yet heard from. A letter from the Greek refugees from Hasbeiya, who had taken refuge in Damascus from the Druses, coolly relates the fact of their change of religion."

MEXICO.

PROSPECT OF WAR BETWEEN SPAIN AND MEXICO.

The Spanish Naval Commander has peremptorily demanded from the Juarez Government the rendition of a bark which belonged to Marin's filibustering expedition, and which was captured and taken to Vera Cruz. Twenty-four hours were granted to consider the Spanish demands, and in the event of a refusal a bombardment was threatened. Though the Government of Juarez refused to deliver up the bark or to salute the Spanish flag, a bombardment was not attempted. The most effectual measures were taken to resist the threatened violence. It is intimated that this is the basis of an attempt at future interference on the part of Spain between the Government of Juarez and the Miramon faction.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

WALKER IN HONDURAS.

A telegram from New Orleans announces the arrival at that port of a vessel from Ruatan, which was off Truxillo during the capture of the place by the filibuster Walker. In the assault twelve Spaniards were killed and eighteen wounded, and three of Walker's party were slightly injured. The place was still in possession of Walker, who is said to have issued a proclamation declaring in favor of Cabanas. This would seem to indicate that his intention was to remain in Honduras, instead of proceeding across the country to Nicaragua.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince arrived at Quebec on Saturday afternoon, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm, notwithstanding that the weather was unfavorable. A large concourse of people and soldiers escorted him to the residence of the Governor-General. In the evening the city was illuminated, in the rain. On Sunday the Prince attended divine service at the Cathedral, where he heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. Houseman; the audience was large, but orderly. At the close of the services he jumped into the Governor's carriage and drove off. On Monday it rained hard; but, notwithstanding the weather, the Prince and his party visited the Chaudiere Falls, and had a private picnic there. On subsequent days the Prince, having left the Governor's residence for the apartments prepared for him in the city, held a grand levée, at which all the dignitaries, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, were presented. The Speakers of the two Houses of Parliament were knighted. In the afternoon of the same day he drove to Montmorenci Falls, and in the evening he attended the grand ball given in his honor. He also visited the Ursuline Convent, and made peace with the Roman Catholic bishops, who had taken offense at some trivial slight in the previous proceedings. On Thursday the Prince and suite left Quebec for Three Rivers, escorted by a battalion of troops, and greeted by cheers from the people. He arrived at Three Rivers on Friday.

The Prince of Wales reached Montreal on Friday in the midst of a torrent of rain, which was so severe as to induce the postponement of the grand ceremonial of the landing and reception until next day, to the great disappointment of thousands who had assembled from the surrounding country. The usual salutes and other demonstrations of welcome greeted the arrival of the royal party. The preparations for the grand illumination and fire-works were on the most magnificent scale—the anxiety to excel Quebec in the splendor of the Prince's reception inducing an immense outlay.

HOW THE PRINCE LOOKS.

The correspondent of the *Times* writes of the Prince as he landed at Quebec:

"I like him. He seems to be about five feet four inches high, his eye is beautifully blue, mild, funny, clear, and jolly. His nose is well defined, not perfectly straight, but clean-cut and prominent. His mouth is full and rather sensual, and his chin retreats wonderfully. His countenance indicates a happy dispositioned, good-natured, humorous, fun-loving boy, who knows what he is about, and can't easily be fooled. His hair is soft and fine, though disposed to grow rather low down the neck and on the forehead, while his head is well-shaped, and would indicate firmness, benevolence, quickness of perception, and love of music. The very, very large hands and feet of the young gentleman are but reproductions of those of his Royal mother, to whom Dame Nature has been very generous in that regard. His form is small and very well-proportioned, and his bearing is dignified, manly, and modest.

"He was dressed in the full uniform of a Colonel in the Royal Army, wearing a cocked hat, red coat, with red and blue bands, black pants, patent leather boots, and spurs, and very ill-fitting, soiled white gloves."

HE IS CARRIED ON A MAN'S BACK.

The same writer says:

"When the Prince was fishing at the Saguenay River, he and Mr. Price became separated from the small party of five. The Prince wandered from Price and fished on his own hook from a small projection, which gradually became surrounded by water. He called for aid, but none came, until Price, who heard the cries, found him, entered the water, and wading knee-deep, carried the Prince Pussy back upon his shoulders to the shore."

HE GOES TO CHURCH, AND PEOPLE DON'T LISTEN TO THE SERMON.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The weather on Sunday was superb and the excitement great. The centre of attraction was the English Cathedral, where the Prince attended morning service. The church was crammed with people, who were admitted only by ticket. The adjacent streets were crowded.

"The Prince drove to church with the Governor-General, and was dressed in a suit of black, with a white vest. He also wore a black hat, which did not become him. He occupied a seat in the gallery, and was so much the object of attraction that the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Houseman was scarcely listened to. At the conclusion of the service he jumped into the carriage and drove rapidly off."

HE SHOOTS NEWCASTLE WITH CORKS.

The *Times* correspondent writes on Monday: "This morning the Prince was to go to Chaudiere Falls, but the rain fell in torrents, and the Duke of Newcastle thought it best for him not to go. The Prince looked from the window, and having concluded it would clear up, decided to go; so, dressing in an India-rubber suit, and a white stove-pipe hat, he started off, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, St. Jermain, Governor Head, General Williams, and Admiral Milne, with a few others.

"After reaching Cape Rouge they went in row-boats to St. Nicholas, where they took horses and rode rapidly through fields and over fences, till Governor Head cried out to hold up, and the Admiral grew red in the face from the exertion. They wandered around the Falls, the Prince laughing at the Admiral's artistic attempts to picture them. Lunch was served to the party in a little hut during a drenching shower, and the whole party, animated by the absolutely startling cutting up of the Prince, passed the hour in such a jolly way as made the old gentleman roar with laughter and shake with coughing. The Prince opened several bottles of Seltzer Water, holding them in such a manner that the corks fell upon Newcastle's pate, much to the amusement of all who saw him; they returned in a small steamer, wet to the skin, but full of good cheer and pleased."

HE GOES TO A BALL, AND DANCES TWENTY-TWO DANCES.

The *Herald* writer says: "The Prince opened the ball with Madame Langevin and Mrs. Justice Curran *vis-à-vis*. The Prince wore his usual uniform. Miss Irvine, daughter of Colonel Irvine, was the Prince's second partner for a polka. She was dressed in a magnificent white dress, with wreaths of flowers. The Prince was in great good humor, and talked with every body who wore a uniform—especially a little middy, who will be the Tommy of the suite when they reach New York. The little middy generally chooses the largest women for partners, and the contrast seems to give peculiar delight to the Prince. The Prince danced twenty-two out of twenty-four dances. He missed one being at supper, and the other because he had started for the supper-room."

LIKEWISE KNOCKS HIS PARTNER DOWN.

The *Times* writer says: "The Prince had a fall in the ball-room last night, but the fall has not been attended with any serious result. While dancing with Miss Anderson in the waltz his foot slipped and he fell heavily, causing her to fall upon him. He struck the funny bone in his knee, and brought his royal nose into immediate contact with the floor; but to-day he has been perfectly well, save a slight lameness in the joint, and feeling somewhat abashed. The Prince did not leave as soon as was intended, but remained until the last dance, engaging with a fresh partner in each dance."

Per contra, the *Herald* correspondent states that, having left for the supper-room, he came back, hearing a sweet waltz tune playing, and while dancing a waltz he slipped and fell heavily on the floor, dragging his partner, Madame Cartier, the wife of the Canadian Premier, over him. Neither of them were injured, and the Prince instantly jumped up, and raised the lady so quickly that but few in the room knew of the occurrence. He apologized to Madame C., and continued the dance.

HE INTRODUCES A MIDDY TO A BELLE.

At the ball last evening a young midshipman had a regular quizzing match with the Prince, which created much merriment. The Prince joked him about dancing with six-footers of women; and the middy replied by asking, "Why can't you introduce a fellow to one of your handsome partners?" The Prince laughed, and good-naturedly introduced middy to a lady with whom he was dancing. The Duke of Newcastle remarked, our little man is having a fine time.

HE GETS HIS HAIR CUT.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "To-day the Prince has his hair cut, and the barber, quite an enterprising man, with an eye to the main chance, proposes to sell the locks shorn from the head of this scion of royalty as souvenirs. He has already received a large number of orders, and will doubtless be able to dispose of the whole quantity.

HE GETS INTO A NUNNERY.

"One of the most interesting and remarkable incidents which has thus far attended the Prince's career, was his visit to the Ursuline Convent, which was open to a male visitor for the first time since the calling of the Duke of Kent—the rule being that none save women can enter the Convent, with the additional exception in favor of members of the royal family. The Prince stood upon the dais, supported by his suite, while the young ladies, numbering sixty, many of whom belong to the first families of the Province, formed a semicircle in front of him, and welcomed him in a long and French address of kindly greeting and respect, to which the Prince replied, thanking them for their kind interest in his visit to Quebec and their good wishes for him personally, referring to the beneficial results of their efforts in the cause of education, and expressing a hope for their future welfare. During the song there were allusions to the Prince, at each of which the young ladies gracefully courtesied, and the teachers murmured 'Long live the Prince.'"

WHERE HE SLEEPS.

The *Times* writer describes "the royal bedchamber in which his Royal Highness will sleep. The walnut bedstead has on it a bed stuffed with down, and two pillows filled with the same sleep-tempting material. Over the head thereof is a high and well-designed canopy of red damask, surmounted by rich gilt bands. The chairs and sofa are similar to those in the parlor, but the étagere is more of a practical character than the one in the other room."

THE LADIES PULL OFF HIS BUTTONS.

The *Times* correspondent says: "A party of ladies went on board the *Hero* this afternoon, examined the cabin occupied by the Prince, and stole every pin, every piece of wax, and all the nick-nacks that they could find there, as *souvenirs* of his Royal Highness. The Prince's private room was also invaded by a rush of the fair sex, who mounted his chapeau, played with his sword, and fooled with his accoutrements generally. One damsel was caught trying on his overcoat, from which every button had been cut by eager devotees of the youthful Guelph."

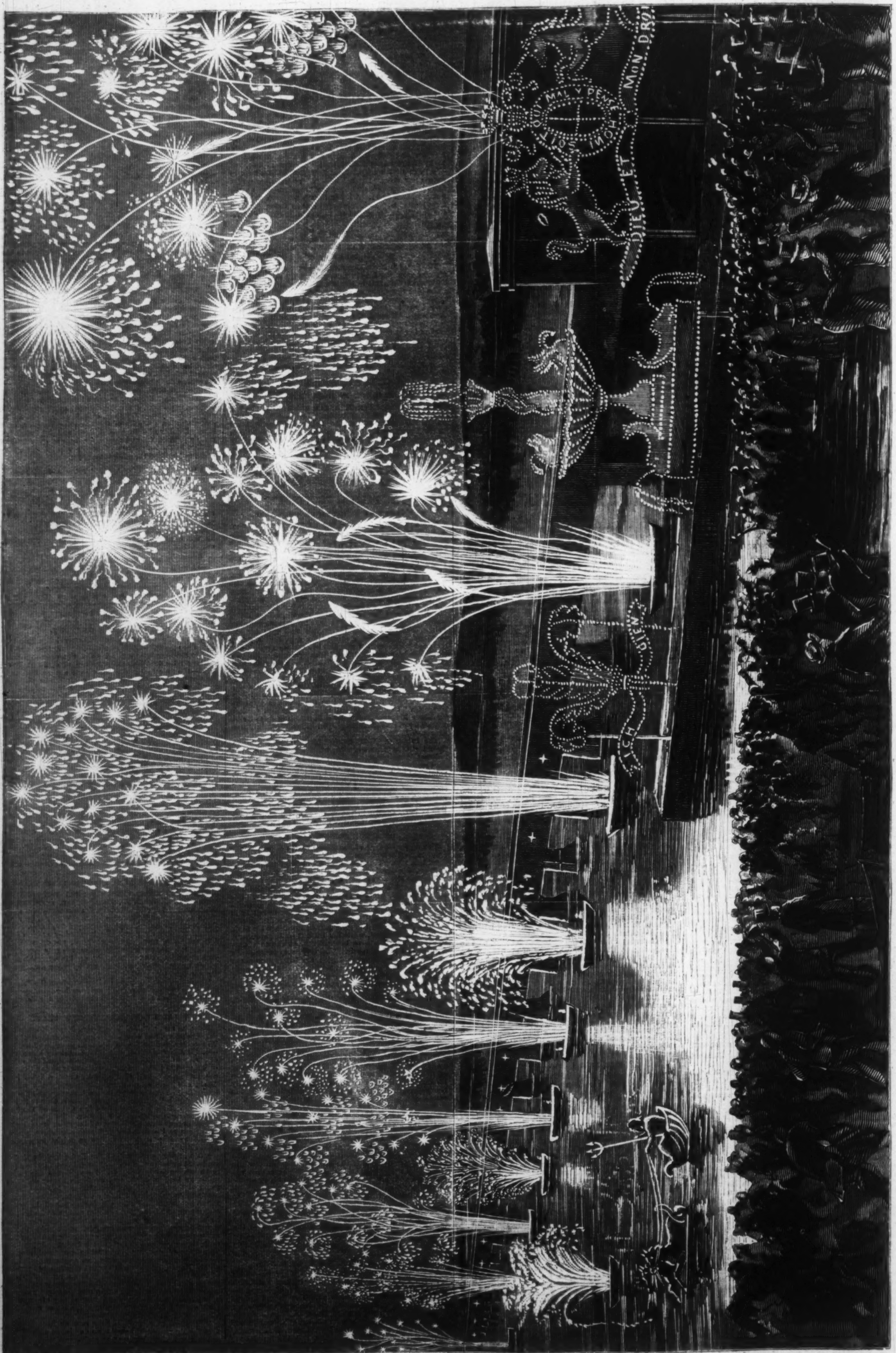
The ladies took paper and sealing-wax from the Prince's state-room in the *Hero*, and pens from his dressing-room at the ball, but the Prince never entered the dressing-room.

WHAT HE WILL DO IN NEW YORK.

He also says: "Mr. Thompson, Mayor Wood's private Secretary, had a second interview with the Duke of Newcastle this morning, at which were present Lord Lyons, Sir Edmund Head, and all the advisory committee of his Royal Highness. Mr. Thompson stated the object of his visit to be the tendering of certain propositions to the Prince on behalf of the Mayor of the City of New York, and in a speech of some fifteen minutes' duration expatiated on the importance, the influence, and the position of New York, and the great interest that is felt by all classes of its inhabitants for the Queen of England and her representative, the Prince. He pledged the Mayor to keep from the Prince all improper or annoying attentions, and to give him just such a welcome, accompanied by only such festivities as might be entirely agreeable.

"It was very evident that the Duke had decided to go, but it was also evident that he did not wish to seem to be asking for any favors. He said that the Prince would go to New York, and would be happy to be the guest of the City. That inasmuch as his Royal Highness was very fond of military displays, he hoped they might happen to be in the city during one of the grand reviews of which he had heard so much; and also that he should imagine a fireman's torch-light procession would be a very novel and beautiful sight for the Prince, as would also be a glimpse at our Public Schools; and that, though he did not request a ball, the Prince was very fond of dancing. The Duke expressed himself highly delighted with the attention and thoughtfulness of the Mayor, and desired special mention to be made of it to the Mayor. He said that it was not their intention to accept any of the invitations to private residences which had been sent them—that they preferred going to a hotel, and paying their own way as any other strangers would; but that if any exception was made any where, it would be in favor of the Mayor.

"Scores of New Yorkers have sent on here begging that the Prince would honor their domiciles with his august presence, but they may as well save their postage—he has advisers who will not allow him to elevate into temporary notoriety any of Gotham's numerous toadies."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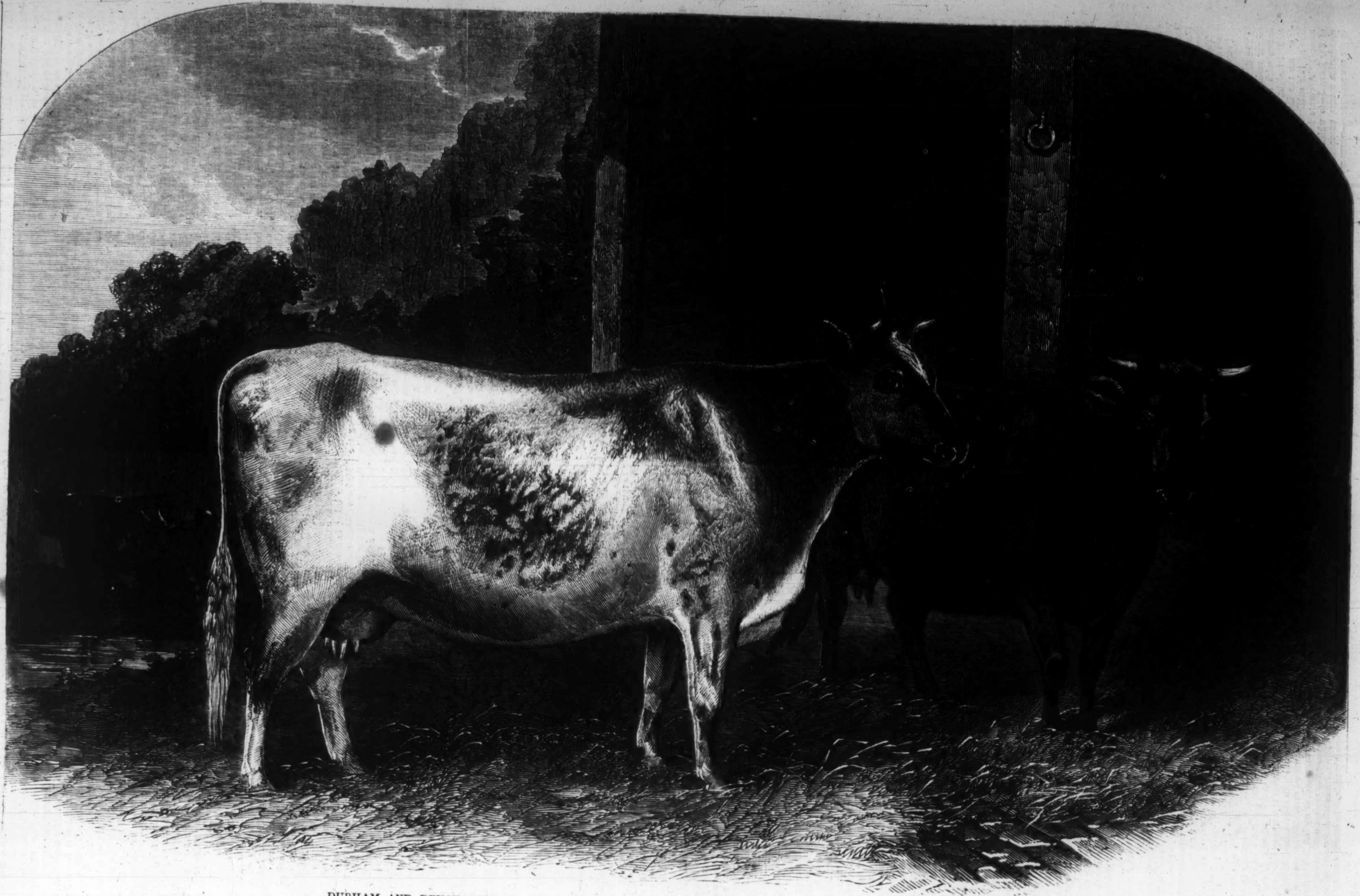
GRAND FINALE OF FIRE-WORKS IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL, CANADA EAST, BY G. A. LILLIENDAHL, ESQ., OF NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1860.



DURHAM AND DEVON COWS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DEVON AND DURHAM COWS.

WE publish on the preceding page a picture of Devon and Durham cows, drawn by T. C. Carpendale. Our readers have an excellent opportunity of observing the peculiarities of form which distinguish the two celebrated breeds of cattle represented in the engraving.

The Devons, so justly famous for the richness of their milk as well as the beauty and elegance of the animals themselves, are distinguished from all other breeds by the small head and finely tapering muzzle, the delicate limbs, small horn, and straight back, but particularly by the unchanging "Devonshire red" of the coat, which never varies from the uniform dark-chestnut, untainted by the slightest mark of white or other color.

To the Devons we are indebted for the celebrated "Devonshire cream" and the rich "junkets" for which that county is so noted. The remarkably fine specimen we have represented is the property of B. M. Whitlock, Esq., of Westchester County, New York.

Of the Durhams our illustration presents an excellent type. They are too well known as *milkers*, and as valuable farm-stock in general, to need a lengthy description. They are distinguished by the large *ox-built* frame, straight back, and powerful limbs, the nose pointed and finely chiseled.

The ground color of the coat of the cow represented is white, with spots of a roan color about the neck, head, and sides, and a few patches of the same color on the legs. She is the property of J. C. Brevoort, Esq., of Bedford, Long Island, whose beautiful grounds she adorns. She is a cross of the Durham and Ayrshire breed, which is manifest in the *upward direction* of the horns.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

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THE NARRATIVE OF ISIDOR OTTAVIO BALDASSARE FOSCO. COUNT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE. KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE BRAZEN CROWN. ARCH-MASTER OF THE ROSICRUCIAN MASONS OF MESOPOTAMIA. ATTACHED, IN HONORARY CAPACITIES, TO SOCIETIES MEDICAL, SOCIETIES MUSICAL, SOCIETIES PHILOSOPHICAL, AND SOCIETIES GENERAL BENEVOLENT, THROUGHOUT EUROPE, ETC., ETC.

IN the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty I arrived in England, charged with a delicate political mission from abroad. Confidential persons were semi-officially connected with me, whose exertions I was authorized to direct—Monsieur and Madame Rubelle being among the number. Some weeks of spare time were at my disposal before I entered on my functions by establishing myself in the suburbs of London. Curiosity may stop here, to ask for some explanation of those functions on my part. I entirely sympathize with the question. I also regret that diplomatic reserve forbids me to comply with it.

I arranged to pass the preliminary period of repose, to which I have just referred, in the superb mansion of my late lamented friend, Sir Percival Glyde. *He* arrived from the Continent with *his* wife; *I* arrived from the Continent with *mine*. England is the land of domestic happiness—how appropriately we entered it under these domestic circumstances!

The bond of friendship which united Percival and myself was strengthened, on this occasion, by a touching similarity in the pecuniary position on his side and on mine. We both wanted money. Immense necessity! Universal want! Is there a civilized human being who does not feel for us? How insensible must that man be! Or how rich!

I enter into no sordid particulars in discussing this part of the subject. My mind recoils from them. With a Roman austerity I show my empty purse and Percival's to the shrinking public gaze. Let us allow the deplorable fact to assert itself, once for all, in that manner, and pass on.

We were received at the mansion by the magnificent creature who is inscribed on my heart as "Marian"—who is known in the colder atmosphere of Society as "Miss Halcombe."

Just Heaven! with what inconceivable rapidity I learned to adore that woman. At sixty I worshiped her with the volcanic ardor of eighteen. All the gold of my rich nature was poured hopelessly at her feet. My wife—poor angel!—my wife, who adores me, got nothing but the shillings and the pennies. Such is the World; such Man; such Love. What are we (I ask) but puppets in a show-box? Oh, omnipotent Destiny, pull our strings gently! Dance us mercifully off our miserable little stage!

The preceding lines, rightly understood, express an entire system of philosophy. It is Mine.

I resume.

The domestic position at the commencement of our residence at Blackwater Park has been drawn with amazing accuracy, with profound mental insight, by the hand of Marian herself. (Pass me the intoxicating familiarity of mentioning this sublime creature by her Christian name!) Accurate knowledge of the contents of her journal—to which I obtained access by clandestine means, unspeakably precious to me in the remembrance—warns my eager pen from topics which this essentially exhaustive woman has already made her own.

The interests—interests, breathless and immense!—with which I am here concerned, begin with the deplorable calamity of Marian's illness.

The situation, at this period, was emphatically a serious one. Large sums of money, due at a certain time, were wanted by Percival (I say nothing of the modicum equally necessary to myself); and the one source to look to for supplying them was the fortune of his wife, of which not one farthing was at his disposal until her death. Bad, so far; but—in the language of the all-pervading Shakspeare—worse remained behind. My lamented friend had private troubles of his own, into which the delicacy of my disinterested attachment to him forbade me from inquiring too curiously. I knew nothing but that a woman, named Anne Catherick, was hidden in the neighborhood; that she was in communication with Lady Glyde; and that the disclosure of a secret, which would be the certain ruin of Percival, might be the result. He had told me himself that he was a lost man, unless his wife was silenced, and unless Anne Catherick was found. If he was a lost man, what would become of our pecuniary interests? Courageous as I am by nature, I absolutely trembled at the idea!

The whole force of my intelligence was now directed to the finding of Anne Catherick. Our money affairs, important as they were, admitted of delay; but the necessity of discovering the woman admitted of none. I only knew her, by description, as presenting an extraordinary personal resemblance to Lady Glyde. The statement of this curious fact—intended merely to assist me in identifying the person of whom we were in search—when coupled with the additional information that Anne Catherick had escaped from a mad-house, started the first immense conception in my mind which subsequently led to such amazing results. That conception involved nothing less than the complete transformation of two separate identities. Lady Glyde and Anne Catherick were to change names, places, and destinies, the one with the other—the prodigious consequences contemplated by the change being the gain of thirty thousand pounds, and the eternal preservation of Percival's secret.

My instincts (which seldom err) suggested to me, on reviewing the circumstances, that our invisible Anne would, sooner or later, return to the boat-house at the Blackwater Lake. There I posted myself, previously mentioning to Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper, that I might be found when wanted, immersed in study, in that solitary place. It is my rule never to make unnecessary mysteries, and never to set people suspecting me for want of a little seasonable candor on my part. Mrs. Michelson believed in me from first to last. This lady-like person (widow of a Protestant Priest) overflowed with faith. Touched by such superfluity of simple confidence in a woman of her mature years, I opened the ample reservoirs of my nature, and absorbed it all.

I was rewarded for posting myself sentinel at the lake, by the appearance—not of Anne Catherick herself, but of the person in charge of her. This individual also overflowed with simple faith, which I absorbed in myself, as in the case already mentioned. I leave her to describe the circumstances (if she has not done so already) under which she introduced me to the object of her maternal care. When I first saw Anne Catherick she was asleep. I was electrified by the likeness between this unhappy woman and Lady Glyde. The details of the grand scheme, which had suggested themselves in outline only up to that period, occurred to me, in all their masterly combination, at the sight of the sleeping face. At the same time my heart, always accessible to tender influences, dissolved in tears at the spectacle of suffering before me. I instantly set myself to impart relief. In other words, I provided the necessary stimulant for strengthening Anne Catherick to perform the journey to London.

At this point I enter a necessary protest, and correct a lamentable error.

The best years of my life have been passed in the ardent study of medical and chemical science. Chemistry, especially, has always had irresistible attractions for me, from the enormous, the illimitable power which the knowledge of it confers. Chemists, I assert it emphatically, might sway, if they pleased, the destinies of humanity. Let me explain this before I go farther.

Mind, they say, rules the world. But what rules the mind? The body. The body (follow me closely here) lies at the mercy of the most omnipotent of all mortal potentates—the Chemist. Give me, Fosco, Chemistry; and when Shakspeare has conceived Hamlet, and sits down to execute the conception—with a few grains of powder dropped into his daily food, I will reduce his mind, by the action of his body, till his pen pours out the most abject drivel that has ever degraded paper. Under similar circumstances, revive me the illustrious Newton. I guarantee that, when he sees the apple fall, he shall *eat* it, instead of discovering the principle of gravitation. Nero's dinner shall transform Nero into the mildest of men before he has done digesting it; and the morning draught of Alexander the Great shall make Alexander run for his life, at the first sight of the enemy, the same afternoon. On my sacred word of honor, it is lucky for society that modern chemists are, by incomprehensible good fortune, the most harmless of mankind. The mass are good fathers of families who keep shops. The few are philosophers besotted with admiration for the sound of their own lecturing voices; visionaries who waste their lives on fantastic impossibilities; or quacks whose ambition soars no higher than our corns. Thus Society escapes; and the illimitable power of Chemistry remains the slave of the most superficial and the most insignificant ends.

Why this outburst? Why this withering eloquence?

Because my conduct has been misrepresented; because my motives have been misunderstood. It has been assumed that I used my vast chemical resources against Anne Catherick; and that I would have used them, if I could, against the magnificent Marian herself. Odious insinuations both! All my interests were concerned (as will be seen presently) in the preservation of Anne Catherick's life. All my anxieties were concentrated on Marian's rescue from the hands of the licensed Imbecile who attended her, and who found my advice confirmed, from first to last, by the physician from London. On two occasions only—both equally harmless to the individual on whom I practiced—did I summon to myself the assistance of chemical knowledge. On the first of the two, after following Marian to the Inn at Blackwater (studying, behind a convenient wagon which hid me from her, the poetry of motion, as embodied in her walk), I availed myself of the services of my invaluable wife, to copy one and to intercept the other of two letters which my adored enemy had intrusted to a discarded maid. In this case, the letters being in the bosom of the girl's dress, Madame Fosco could only open them, read them, perform her instructions, seal them, and put them back again, by scientific assistance—which assistance I rendered in a half-ounce bottle. The second occasion, when the same means were employed, was the occasion (to which I shall soon refer) of Lady Glyde's arrival in London. Never, at any other time, was I indebted to my Art, as distinguished from myself. To all other emergencies and complications my natural capacity for grappling, single-handed, with circumstances, was invariably equal. I affirm the all-pervading intelligence of that capacity. At the expense of the Chemist, I vindicate the Man.

Respect this outburst of generous indignation. It has inexpressibly relieved me. *En route!* Let us proceed.

Having suggested to Mrs. Clement (or Clements, I am not sure which) that the best method of keeping Anne out of Percival's reach was to remove her to London; having found that my proposal was eagerly received; and having appointed a day to meet the travelers at the station, and to see them leave it, I was at liberty to return to the house, and to confront the difficulties which still remained to be met.

My first proceeding was to avail myself of the sublime devotion of my wife. I had arranged with Mrs. Clements that she should communicate her London address, in Anne's interests, to Lady Glyde. But this was not enough. Designing persons, in my absence, might shake the simple confidence of Mrs. Clements, and she might not write, after all. Who could I find capable of traveling to London by the train she traveled by, and of privately seeing her home? I asked myself this question. The conjugal part of me immediately answered, Madame Fosco.

After deciding on my wife's mission to London, I arranged that the journey should serve a double purpose. A nurse for the suffering Marian, equally devoted to the patient and to myself, was a necessity of my position. One of the most eminently confidential and capable women in existence was, by good fortune, at my disposal. I refer to that respectable matron, Madame Rubelle—to whom I addressed a letter, at her residence in London, by the hands of my wife.

On the appointed day Mrs. Clements and Anne Catherick met me at the station. I politely saw them off. I politely saw Madame Fosco off by the same train. The last thing at night, my wife returned to Blackwater, having followed her instructions with the most unimpeachable accuracy. She was accompanied by Madame Rubelle, and she brought me the London address of Mrs. Clements. After-events proved this last precaution to have been unnecessary. Mrs. Clements punctually informed Lady Glyde of her place of abode. With a wary eye on future emergencies, I kept the letter.

The same day I had a brief interview with the doctor, at which I protested, in the sacred interests of humanity, against his treatment of Marian's case. He was insolent, as all ignorant people are. I showed no resentment. I deferred quarreling with him till it was necessary to quarrel to some purpose.

My next proceeding was to leave Blackwater myself. I had my London residence to take, in anticipation of coming events. I had also a little business, of the domestic sort, to transact with Mr. Frederick Fairlie. I found the house I wanted in St. John's Wood. I found Mr. Fairlie at Limmeridge, Cumberland.

My own private familiarity with the nature of Marian's correspondence had previously informed me that she had written to Mr. Fairlie, proposing, as a relief to Lady Glyde's matrimonial embarrassments, to take her on a visit to her uncle in Cumberland. This letter I had wisely allowed to reach its destination; feeling, at the time, that it could do no harm, and might do good. I now presented myself before Mr. Fairlie, to support Marian's own proposal, with certain modifications which, happily for the success of my plans, were rendered really inevitable by her illness. It was necessary that Lady Glyde should leave Blackwater alone, by her uncle's invitation, and that she should rest a night on the journey at her aunt's house (the house I had taken in St. John's Wood), by her uncle's express advice. To achieve these results, and to secure a note of invitation which could be shown to Lady Glyde, were the objects of my visit to Mr. Fairlie. When I have mentioned that this gentleman was equally feeble in mind and body, and that I let loose the whole force of my character on him, I have said enough. I came, saw, and conquered Fairlie.

On my return to Blackwater Park (with the letter of invitation) I found that the doctor's imbecile treatment of Marian's case had led to the most alarming results. The fever had turned to Typhus. Lady Glyde, on the day of my return, tried to force herself into the room to nurse her sister. She and I had no affinities of sympathy; she had committed the unpardonable outrage on my sensibilities of calling me a Spy; she was a stumbling-block in my way and in Percival's—but, for all that, my magnanimity forbade me to put her in danger of infection with my own hand. At the same time, I offered no hinderance to her putting herself in danger. If she had succeeded in doing so, the intricate knot which I was slowly and patiently operating on might perhaps have been cut by circumstances. As it was, the doctor interfered, and she was kept out of the room.

I had myself previously recommended sending for advice to London. This course had been now taken. The physician, on his arrival, confirmed my view of the case. The crisis was serious. But we had hope of our charming patient on the fifth day from the appearance of the Typhus. I was only once absent from Blackwater at this time—when I went to London by the morning train, to make the final arrangements at my house in St. John's Wood; to assure myself, by private inquiry, that Mrs. Clements had not moved; and to settle one or two little preliminary matters with the husband of Madame Rubelle. I returned at night. Five days afterward the physician pronounced our interesting Marian to be out of all danger, and to be in need of nothing but careful nursing. This was the time I had waited for. Now that medical attendance was no longer indispensable, I played the first move in the game by asserting myself against the doctor. He was one among many witnesses in my way whom it was necessary to remove. A lively altercation between us (in which Percival, previously instructed by me, refused to interfere) served the purpose in view. I descended on the miserable man in an irresistible avalanche of indignation, and swept him from the house.

The servants were the next encumbrances to get rid of. Again I instructed Percival (whose moral courage required perpetual stimulants), and Mrs. Michelson was amazed, one day, by hearing from her master that the establishment was to be broken up. We cleared the house of all the servants but one, who was kept for domestic purposes, and whose lumpish stupidity we could trust to make no embarrassing discoveries. When they were gone, nothing remained but to relieve ourselves of Mrs. Michelson—a result which was easily achieved by sending this amiable lady to find lodgings for her mistress at the sea-side.

The circumstances were now—exactly what they were required to be. Lady Glyde was confined to her room by nervous illness; and the lumpish housemaid (I forget her name) was shut up there, at night, in attendance on her mistress. Marian, though fast recovering, still kept her bed, with Mrs. Rubelle for nurse. No other living creatures but my wife, myself, and Percival were in the house. With all the chances thus in our favor, I confronted the next emergency, and played the second move in the game.

The object of the second move was to induce Lady Glyde to leave Blackwater, unaccompanied by her sister. Unless we could persuade her that Marian had gone on to Cumberland first, there was no chance of removing her, of her own free-will, from the house. To produce this necessary operation in her mind we concealed our interesting invalid in one of the uninhabited bedrooms at Blackwater. At the dead of night Madame Fosco, Madame Rubelle, and myself (Percival not being cool enough to be trusted), accomplished the concealment. The scene was picturesque, mysterious, dramatic, in the highest degree. By my directions the bed had been made, in the morning, on a strong, movable frame-work of wood. We had only to lift the frame-work gently at the head and foot, and to transport our patient where we pleased, without disturbing herself or her bed. No chemical assistance was needed, or used, in this case. Our interesting Marian lay in the deep repose of convalescence. We placed the candles and opened the doors beforehand. I, in right of my great personal strength, took the head of the frame-work; my wife and Madame Rubelle took the foot. I bore my share of that inestimably precious burden with a manly tenderness, with a fatherly care. Where is the modern Rembrandt who could depict our midnight procession? Alas for the Arts! alas for this most pictorial of subjects! the modern Rembrandt is nowhere to be found.

The next morning my wife and I started for London, leaving Marian secluded, in the uninhabited middle of the house, under care of Madame Rubelle, who kindly consented to imprison herself with her patient for two or three days. Before taking our departure I gave Percival Mr. Fairlie's letter of invitation to his niece (instructing her to sleep, on the journey to Cumberland, at her aunt's house), with directions to show it to Lady Glyde on hearing from me. I also obtained from him the address of the Asylum in which Anne Catherick had been confined, and a letter to the proprietor, announcing to that gentleman the return of his runaway patient to medical care.

I had arranged, at my last visit to the metropolis, to have our modest domestic establishment ready to receive us when we arrived in London by the early train. In consequence of this wise precaution we were enabled, that same day, to play the third move in the game—the getting possession of Anne Catherick.

Dates are of importance here. I combine in myself the opposite characteristics of a Man of Sentiment and a Man of Business. I have all the dates at my fingers' ends.

On the 27th of July, 1850, I sent my wife, in a cab, to clear Mrs. Clements out of the way, in the first place. A supposed message from Lady Glyde in London was sufficient to obtain this result. Mrs. Clements was taken away in the cab, and was left in the cab, while my wife (on pretense of purchasing something at a shop) gave her the slip, and returned to receive her expected visitor at our house in St. John's Wood. It is hardly necessary to add that the visitor had been described to the servants as "Lady Glyde."

In the mean while I had followed in another cab, with a note for Anne Catherick, merely mentioning that Lady Glyde intended to keep Mrs. Clements to spend the day with her, and that she was to join them, under care of the good gentleman waiting outside, who had already saved her from discovery in Hampshire by Sir Percival. The "good gentleman" sent in this note by a street boy, and paused for results a door or two farther on. At the moment when Anne appeared at the house door and closed it, this excellent man had the cab door open ready for her, absorbed her into the vehicle, and drove off.

(Pass me here one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting this is!)

On the way to Forest Road my companion showed no fear. I can be paternal—no man more so—when I please; and I was intensely paternal on this occasion. What titles I had to her confidence! I had compounded the medicine which had done her good; I had warned her of her danger from Sir Percival. Perhaps I trusted too implicitly to these titles; perhaps I underrated the keenness of the lower instincts in persons of weak intellect—it is certain that I neglected to prepare her sufficiently for a disappointment on entering my house. When I took her into the drawing-room—when she saw no one present but Madame Fosco, who was a stranger to her—she exhibited the most violent agitation: if she had scented danger in the air, as a dog scents the presence of some creature unseen, her alarm could not have displayed itself more suddenly and more causelessly. I interposed in vain. The fear from which she was suffering I might have soothed; but the serious heart disease under which she labored was beyond the reach of all moral palliatives. To my unspeakable horror, she was seized with convulsions—a shock to the system, in her condition, which might have laid her dead at any moment at our feet.

The nearest doctor was sent for, and was told that "Lady Glyde" required his immediate services. To my infinite relief, he was a capable man. I represented my visitor to him as a person of weak intellect, and subject to delusions; and I arranged that no nurse but my wife should watch in the sick-room. The unhappy woman was too ill, however, to cause any anxiety about what she might say. The one dread which now oppressed me was the dread that the false Lady Glyde might die before the true Lady Glyde arrived in London. I had written a note in the morning to Madame Rubelle, telling her to join me at her husband's house on the evening of the 29th; with another note to Percival, warning him to show his wife her uncle's letter of invitation, to assert that Marian had gone on before her, and to dispatch her to town by the mid-day train on the 29th also. On reflection, I had felt the necessity, in Anne Catherick's state of health, of precipitating events, and of having Lady Glyde at my disposal earlier than I had originally contemplated. What fresh directions, in the terrible uncertainty of my position, could I now issue? I could do nothing but trust to chance and the doctor. My emotions expressed themselves in pathetic apostrophes — which I was just self-possessed enough to couple, in the hearing of other people, with the name of "Lady Glyde." In all other respects, Fosco, on that memorable day, was Fosco shrouded in total eclipse.

She passed a bad night—she awoke worn out —but, later in the day, she revived amazingly. My elastic spirits revived with her. I could receive no answers from Percival and Madame Rubelle till the morning of the next day, the 29th. In anticipation of their following my directions, which, accident apart, I knew they would do, I went to secure a fly to fetch Lady Glyde from the railway; directing it to be at my house on the 29th, at two o'clock. After seeing the order entered in the book, I went on to arrange matters with Monsieur Rubelle. I also procured the services of two gentlemen, who could furnish me with the necessary certificates of lunacy. One of them I knew personally; the other was known to Monsieur Rubelle. Both were men whose vigorous minds soared superior to narrow scruples—both were laboring under temporary embarrassments — both believed in ME.

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon before I returned from the performance of these duties. When I got back Anne Catherick was dead. Dead on the 28th; and Lady Glyde was not to arrive in London till the 29th!

I was stunned. Meditate on that. Fosco stunned!

It was too late to retrace our steps. Before my return the doctor had officiously undertaken to save me all trouble by registering the death, on the date when it happened, with his own hand. My grand scheme, unassailable hitherto, had its weak place now—no efforts on my part could alter the fatal event of the 28th. I turned manfully to the future. Percival's interests and mine being still at stake, nothing was left but to play the game through to the end. I recalled my impenetrable calm—and played it.

On the morning of the 29th Percival's letter reached me, announcing his wife's arrival by the mid-day train. Madame Rubelle also wrote to say she would follow in the evening. I started in the fly, leaving the false Lady Glyde dead in the house, to receive the true Lady Glyde, on her arrival by the railway, at three o'clock. Hidden under the seat of the carriage, I carried with me all the clothes Anne Catherick had worn on coming into my house—they were destined to assist the resurrection of the woman who was dead, in the person of the woman who was living. What a situation! I suggest it to the rising romance writers of England. I offer it, as totally new, to the worn-out dramatists of France.

Lady Glyde was at the station. There was great crowding and confusion, and more delay than I liked (in case any of her friends had happened to be at the station) in reclaiming her luggage. Her first questions, as we drove off, implored me to tell her news of her sister. I invented news of the most pacifying kind; assuring her that she was about to see her sister at my house. My house, on this occasion only, was in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, and was in the occupation of Monsieur Rubelle, who received us in the hall.

I took my visitor up stairs into a back room; the two medical gentlemen being there in waiting on the floor beneath, to see the patient, and to give me their certificates. After quieting Lady Glyde by the necessary assurances about her sister, I introduced my friends, separately, to her presence. They performed the formalities of the occasion briefly, intelligently, conscientiously. I entered the room again as soon as they had left it; and at once precipitated events by a reference, of the alarming kind, to "Miss Halcombe's" state of health.

Results followed as I had anticipated. Lady Glyde became frightened, and turned faint. For the second time, and the last, I called Science to my assistance. A medicated glass of water, and a medicated bottle of smelling-salts, relieved her of all further embarrassment and alarm. Additional applications, later in the evening, procured her the inestimable blessing of a good night's rest. Madame Rubelle arrived in time to preside at Lady Glyde's toilet. Her own clothes were taken away from her at night, and Anne Catherick's were put on her in the morning, with the strictest regard to propriety, by the matronly hands of the good Rubelle. Throughout the day I kept our patient in a state of partially-suspended consciousness, until the dexterous assistance of my medical friends enabled me to procure the necessary order rather earlier than I had ventured to hope. That evening (the evening of the 30th) Madame Rubelle and I took our revived "Anne Catherick" to the Asylum. She was received with great surprise, but without suspicion—thanks to the order and certificates, to Percival's letter, to the likeness, to the clothes, and to the patient's own confused mental condition at the time. I returned at once to assist Madame Fosco in the preparations for the burial of the false "Lady Glyde," having the clothes of the true "Lady Glyde" in my possession. They were afterward sent to Cumberland by the conveyance which was used for the funeral. I attended the funeral with becoming dignity, attired in the deepest mourning.

My narrative of these remarkable events, written under equally remarkable circumstances, closes here. The minor precautions which I observed, in communicating with Limmeridge House, are already known—so is the magnificent success of my enterprise—so are the solid pecuniary results which followed it. I have to assert, with the whole force of my conviction, that the one weak place in my scheme would never have been found out if the one weak place in my heart had not been discovered first. Nothing but my fatal admiration for Marian restrained me from stepping in to my own rescue when she effected her sister's escape. I ran the risk, and trusted in the complete destruction of Lady Glyde's identity. If either Marian or Mr. Hartright attempted to assert that identity, they would publicly expose themselves to the imputation of sustaining a rank deception; they would be distrusted and discredited accordingly; and they would, therefore, be powerless to place my interests or Percival's secret in jeopardy. I committed one error in trusting myself to such a blindfold calculation of chances as this. I committed another when Percival had paid the penalty of his own obstinacy and violence, by granting Lady Glyde a second reprieve from the mad-house, and allowing Mr. Hartright a second chance of escaping me. In brief, Fosco, at this serious crisis, was untrue to himself. Deplorable and uncharacteristic fault! Behold the cause in my Heart—behold, in the image of Marian Halcombe, the first and last weakness of Fosco's life!

At the ripe age of sixty, I make this unparalleled confession. Youths! I invoke your sympathy. Maidens! I claim your tears.

A word more—and the attention of the reader (concentrated breathlessly on myself) shall be released.

My own mental insight informs me that three inevitable questions will be asked here by persons of inquiring minds. They shall be stated; they shall be answered.

First question. What is the secret of Madame Fosco's unhesitating devotion of herself to the fulfillment of my boldest wishes, to the furtherance of my deepest plans? I might answer this by simply referring to my own character, and by asking in my turn:—Where, in the history of the world, has a man of my order ever been found without a woman in the back-ground, self-immolated on the altar of his life? But I remember that I am writing in England; I remember that I was married in England—and I ask, if a woman's marriage-obligations, in this country, provide for her private opinion of her husband's principles? No! They charge her unreservedly to love, honor, and obey him. That is exactly what my wife has done. I stand here on a supreme moral elevation; and I loftily assert her accurate performance of her conjugal duties. Silence, Calumny! Your sympathy, Wives of England, for Madame Fosco!

Second question. If Anne Catherick had not died when she did, what should I have done? I should, in that case, have assisted worn-out Nature in finding permanent repose. I should have opened the doors of the Prison of Life, and have extended to the captive (incurably afflicted in mind and body both) a happy release.

Third question. On a calm revision of all the circumstances—Is my conduct worthy of any serious blame? Most emphatically, No! Have I not carefully avoided exposing myself to the odium of committing unnecessary crime? With my vast resources in chemistry, I might have taken Lady Glyde's life. At immense personal sacrifice I followed the dictates of my own ingenuity, my own humanity, my own caution—and took her identity instead. Judge me by what I might have done. How comparatively innocent! how indirectly virtuous I appear in what I really did!

I announced, on beginning it, that this narrative would be a remarkable document. It has entirely answered my expectations. Receive these fervid lines—my last legacy to the country I leave forever. They are worthy of the occasion, and worthy of FOSCO.

OLD KING HAKE.

BORN of the Sea on a rocky coast
Was old King Hake,
Where inner fire and outer frost
Brave virtue make!
He was a hero in the old
Blood-letting days;
An iron hero of Norse mould,
And warring ways.
He lived according to the light
That lighted him;
Then strode into the eternal night,
Resolved and grim.
His grip was stern for free sword play,
When men were mown;
His feet were rough-shod for the day
Of treading down.
When angry, out the blood would start
With old King Hake;
Not sneak in dark caves of the heart,
Where curls the snake,
And secret murder's hiss is heard
Ere the deed be done.
He wove no web of wile and word;
He bore with none.
When sharp within its sheath asleep
Lay his good sword,
He held it royal work to keep
His kingly word.
A man of valor, bloody and wild,
In Viking need;
And yet of firelight feeling mild
As honey-mead.

Once in his youth, from farm to farm,
Collecting scatt,
He gathered gifts and welcomes warm;
And one night sat,
With hearts all happy for his throne—
Wishing no higher—
Where peasant faces merrily shone
Across the fire.
Their Braga-bowl was handed round
By one fair girl:
The Sea-King looked and thought, "I've found
My hidden pearl."
Her wavy hair was golden fair,
With sunbeams curled;
Her eyes clear blue as heaven, and there
Lay his new world.
He drunk out of the mighty horn,
Strong, stinging stuff;
Then wiped his manly mouth unshorn
With hand as rough,
And kissed her; drew her to his side,
With loving mien,
Saying, "If you will make her a Bride,
I'll make her a Queen."
And round her waist she felt an arm,
For, in those days,
A waist could feel: 'twas lithe and warm,
And wore no stays.
"How many brave deeds have you done?"
She asked her wooer,
Counting the arm's gold rings: they won
One victory more.
The blood of joy looked rich and red
Out of his face;
And to his smiling strength he wed
Her maiden grace.
'Twas thus King Hake struck royal root
In homely ground;
And healthier buds with goodlier fruit
His branches crowned.

But Hake could never bind at home
His spirit free;
It grew familiar with the foam
Of many a sea;
A rare good blade whose way was rent
In many a war,
And wore no gem for ornament
But notch and scar.
In day of battle and hour of strife,
Cried Old King Hake:
"Kings live for honor, not long life."
Then would he break
Right through their circle of shields, to reach
Some chief of a race
That never yielded ground, but each
Died in his place.
There the old Norseman stood up tall
Above the rest;
Mainmast of battle, head of all,
They saw his crest
Toss, where the war-wave reared, and rode
O'er mounds of dead,
And where the battle-dust was trod
A miry red.
For Odin, in the glad wide blue
Of heaven, would laugh
With sunrise, and the ruddy dew
Of slaughter quaff.

Hake did not seek to softly die,
With child and wife;
He bore his head in death as high
As in his life.
Glittering in eye, and grim in lip,
He bade them make
Ready for sailing his War-Ship,
That he, King Hake,
The many-wounded, gray, and old,
His day being done,
He, the Norse warrior, brave and bold,
Might die like one.
And chanting some old battle-song,
Thrilling and weird,
His soul vibrating, shook his long
Majestic beard.
The gilded battle-axe, still red,
In his right hand;
With shield on arm, and helm on head,
They help'd him stand,
And girded him with his good sword;
And so attired,
With his dead warriors all aboard,
The ship he fired,
And lay down with his heroes dead,
On deck to die;
Still singing, drooped his gray old head,
With face to sky.
There, as a sinking sunset dies
Down in the west,
The fire went out; the rude heart lies
At rest—at rest,
And sleeping in its ocean bed,
That burial-place
Most royal for the kingly dead
O' the old sea-race!
So the Norse noble of renown,
With his stern pride,
That flaming crown of death pulled down.
And so he died.

SNAIL-EATING.

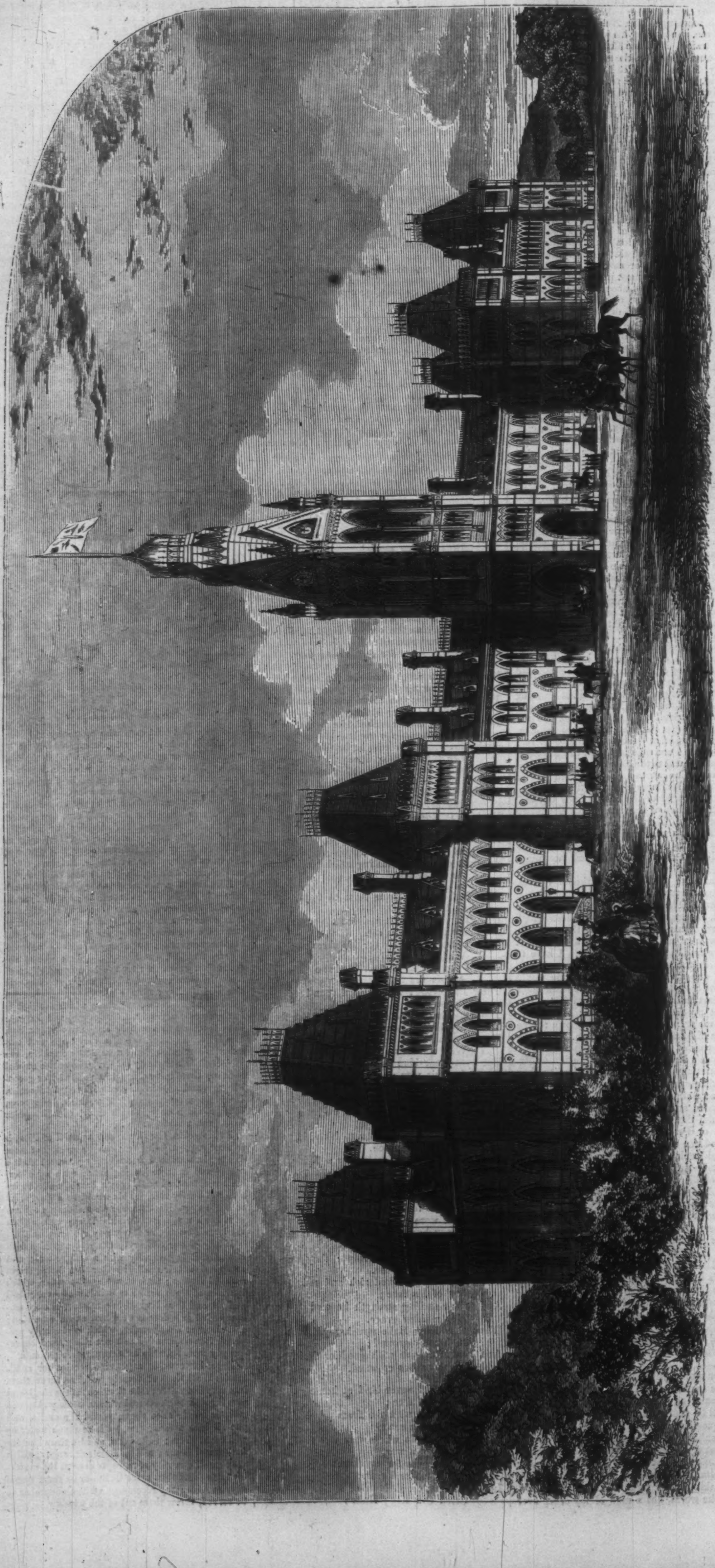
IF he was a bold man who first ate an oyster, we hold it to be equally incontrovertible that he was a bolder or more hungry man who ate the first snail. Nevertheless, the snail has been regarded as an article of food from the earliest ages. In Pliny's time snails had become a favorite dish with the Roman gourmands, and every corner of the empire was ransacked for the finest and fattest specimens. The practice of fattening snails for the table lasted for many centuries; and there were to be found many establishments for this purpose, known as *escargotieres*, in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Austria, during the last century.

Like the frog, the snail never found many admirers in England as a comestible; but in France, especially in the western and southern departments, it is a favorite article of food, and an important item of commerce. They are not only used for home consumption, but even sent abroad to America, the Antilles, and Senegal. Some idea of the estimation in which they are held may be formed from the price current, which varies according to size and quality; from a penny to twopence per hundred at Toulouse, but those which are sent to Paris, from Burgundy, Champagne, and Franche Comté, realize as much as sixpence per hundred. The latter, however, are of a very large and succulent description, known as *Helix Pomatia*, the vine-snail or Burgundy oyster. The entire animal is nearly three inches long, of a yellowish or greenish gray, and its skin covered with rough tubercles. Its shell is proportionately large, thick, and strong, of a brownish or yellowish color, with irregular bands and markings.

At Marseille, the *H. Pisana*, or snail of Pisa, is in most request, being eaten to the amount of some five or six thousand francs every year. This is a pretty and delicate-looking snail, with a yellowish shell, marked with brown bands, and the interior of pearly rose. This would be a good snail to begin upon, if we were recommending a course, as it has a much less formidable appearance than the large *Pomatia*, or Burgundy oyster.

If any of our cookery-books recommend a dish of snails, it is generally with a diffident air, and an appeal to their medical rather than their gastronomical virtues; for instance, snail-powder, which is made of these mollusks dried in an oven, shell and all, and then bruised in a mortar, is only recommended as a dose to be taken as an emulsion; and slater or slug powder, which is similarly prepared, is recommended as more slimy, and consequently more suitable for consumptive patients.

Here, however, is a genuine receipt for snail-broth: Wash them extremely well, and throw them into very hot water; take them out of the shell, and pass them through several waters, *working them well with the hand;* slice them, pound the shells, and put all into a sauce-pan, with as much water as will cover them; boil, skim, and let them simmer for several hours; add a little salt, sugar, and a very small quantity of mace, to correct the mawkish taste; and then serve them—or as some would say, as Abernethy recommended the cucumber to be served, throw them out of the window.



PROPOSED NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA, CANADA, OF WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYS THE CORNER-STONE.

VOICELESS VERSE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

THE world is rife with nobler thought
  Than trembles on the tongue;
The world is full of melody
  Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet,
  But action is sublime,
And you may live a nobler verse
  Than can be told in rhyme!

Sweep from my sight these voiceless books—
  They vex my weary brain;
And I will sit at Nature's feet—
  Her open page the plain—
And read a pleasant pastoral
  In every blade that grows;
A lyric in the lily-leaf,
  An epic in the rose.

Let lyres and lutes, with tinkling breath,
  To love-sick girls belong;
The rhythm of a well-spent life
  Is sweeter far than song.
I'm weary of the waste of words—
  Our world were not so dead
If half our bards would cease to write
  And live their poems instead!

THE CITY OF OTTAWA.

FROM Montreal the Prince of Wales goes to Ottawa City, which is to be the future capital of the Province of Canada—unless the British Provinces should be united, in which case Quebec would probably be the capital. At Ottawa he is to lay the corner-stone of the new Parliament Houses; we accordingly present our readers with a fine picture of them, from the architect's design. They will be, perhaps, the finest State Houses in North America. In No. 156 of this Journal we published a full description of them.

Ottawa itself is a pretty little town of perhaps four or five thousand inhabitants, admirably situated on the River Ottawa, and at the mouth of the Rideau Canal. Its first name was Bytown, in memory of Colonel By, the engineer who built the Rideau Canal. In 1855 the inhabitants had it changed, and reverted to the more poetic aboriginal appellation. Tradition states that the first settler of Ottawa was a Yankee named Wright, who built himself a log-cabin there sixty years ago. The place grew slowly. The adjacent country does not precisely teem with milk and honey, though a great deal of timber is taken out of the woods round about, and floated down the Ottawa to a market. Within the past ten years, and especially since the Queen designated Ottawa as the proper site of the Provincial Government, the town has thriven rapidly.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

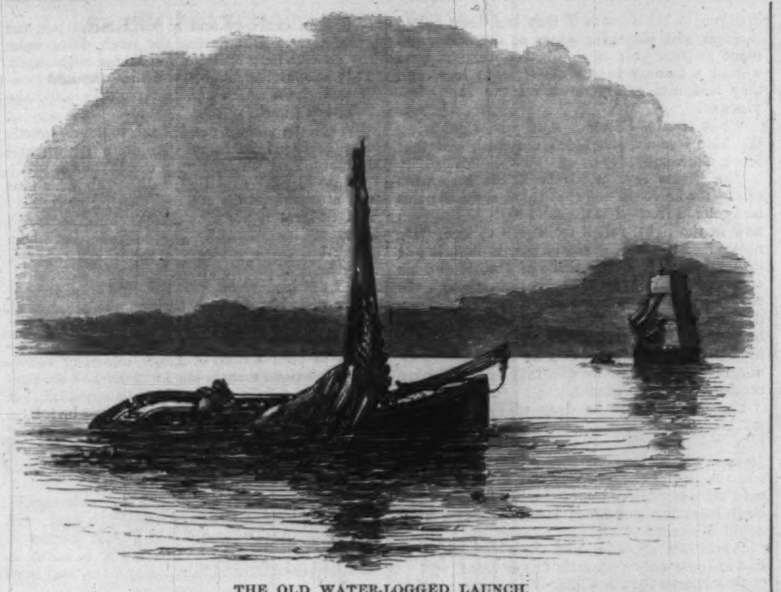
CHAPTER XLIX.—(*Continued.*)

To go back again for a week, the *Monongahela*—double-banked leviathan as she was—came plunging out to sea from Kingston; every man and boy, from Jack Smith on her forecastle to Bill Pump in the spirit-room, and from Richard Hardy to Tiny Mouse, knowing from the first plunge the frigate made what they all sailed for.

With her proud head toward the east she went dashing on past the White Horse Rocks, and woe to the small angry waves which did not get out of her way, for she smashed them contemptuously in foamy masses from her majestic bows, sending them back in sparkling spray and bubbles to hiss their anger away to leeward in her wake. On she went, far off to sea where the trade-wind was strongest, disdaining gentle zephyrs near the land, with her great square yards swinging round at every watch while beating to windward; the tacks close down, yards as fine as they would lie, and the heavy sheets flat aft.

Every evening the surgeon, the purser, the chaplain, the major, and the old sailing master were in the cabin, going over the chase of a certain Pirate in a schooner *Centipede*, away down on the Darien Coast, with Cape Garrote there under their lee, and the vultures and the sharks grinding the bones and tearing the flesh of the half a man with the tusk gleaming out of his wiry mustache; and the Padre, with his eyes staring wide open, and the crucifix, borne away by the carnivorous birds of prey.

All of those dreadful particulars, together with matters that had gone before—of a lost boy, a heart-broken mother, and a murdered mate, Mr. Binks, on board the brig *Martha Blunt*—the party at Escondido, the snuff-box, and Paul Darcantel. All about him, too, from the tragedy on the plantation, his despair, and reckless life afterward, when he served in slavers, where he did something to allay the sufferings of the poor wretches; and afterward how he was trapanned to the Doce Leguas, went



THE OLD WATER-LOGGED LAUNCH.

a cruise with Mr. Bill Gibbs, whose leg he hacked off with a hand-saw, not knowing at the time about the locket; the little child he had saved; how that child had saved him from his torture on the trestle with his mouselike teeth; how he had wandered the wide world over searching and searching for the mother of that boy.

And there the boy was—the manly, brave young fellow now—whom officers and sailors had always loved, flying away with the dark Doctor—no longer Darcantel, but Harry Piron—with his fond father and mother in the distance; and the sweet girl he adored with her blonde head resting in her mother's lap.

Ay, every soul in the ship knew all about it, and talked of it, and drank to the happiness of the young couple; all save Dick Hardy, who moved energetically about the frigate's decks, with his eyes every where, alow and aloft, prompt, sharp, and quick, quite like Cleveland there beside him, when they were together in the old *Scourge* during the hurricane, and chased to her destruction the *Centipede*.

"Sail ho!" sung out the man on the fore-top-sail yard.

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, Sir. A brig on the starboard tack!"

Ay, the old *Martha Blunt* bouncing along under all sail, squaring off at the short-armed seas, and striking them doggedly, as she beat up for the Windward Passage between Hayti and Cuba.

But there was an old sea-bruiser of a different build, who wore the belt in the West Indies, and was after that sturdy old brig with teak ribs for a hearty set-to; and when she came up alongside, in the friendly sparring-match which ensued while both squared their main yards and lay for an hour side by side, there was considerable conversation; so much talk, in fact—boats going to and fro, mingled with roars, and shrieks, and clasping of hands on board the brig—never a sound on board the ship—that the blue pennant fluttered in such a way it was hard to tell whether it was Jacob, or Piron, or the sweet wife, or Mademoiselle, or her lovely mother, who threw their arms around that pennant's truck.

Then yard-arm and yard-arm, the frigate with her canvas canopy of upper sails furled, and the brig in her best bib and tucker, they both filled away and moved side by side.

For a day or two they went on, talking and laughing to one another in these friendly shakes of the hand over blue water, until one day, the brig being to windward, she came upon an old, water-logged launch, with a broken mast and a torn sail hanging over her side.

It fell calm, and Jacob Blunt ordered young Binks to get into the yawl and tow the boat alongside, and to be smart about it; for the breeze might make so soon as the fog rose, and the Commodore was not the man to be kept waiting in a big frigate. Mr. Binks was smart about it, and presently he returned—though there was no hurry, for the calm lasted a long time—with his water-logged prize.

There was no human being in this prize; but when she came alongside, and a yard tackle was hooked on to let the water drain out of her, Jacob Blunt and the people on board gave a pleasant yell of astonishment.

It was not the soiled pack of Spanish cards, or the few bundles of saturated paper cigars floating about, which caused this excitement. No, it was several canvas bags lying there in the stern-sheets, strapped with strands of a woman's red petticoat to the empty water-cask beneath the thwarts; and not one of those canvas bags, or what was in them, injured in the least by salt-water. Very carefully were those bags—and they were weighty—lifted on board the brig, over the rail where the pirates swarmed some long years ago, on to the quarter-deck; and then there was another joyous shout from Jacob Blunt, as when he had hailed the trade-wind in that long-past time.

"By all that's wonderful, here is my old bag of guineas, and some few Spanish milled dollars! Look at the mark, my darlings!"

Another weighty bag was set aside for Mrs. Timothy Binks, and the rest were devoted, with some large doubloon reservations for crew, to Martha Blunt and Jacob Blunt in their declining years.

Then, the weather being still calm and foggy, Jacob and his passengers went on board the double-banked frigate for Church service, where they all prayed with much hope and thanksgiving for what had passed and what was to come; and then they went into the Commodore's cabin, where they remained ever so long a time.

Let us go back this same week again—a very long seven days it has been for every body, particularly so for the icy-eyed man, who was extremely anxious, as he kicked and lashed his mule, and kept looking round the south side of Jamaica, from Portland Point to Pedro Bluff and San Negril, throwing a ray of cold frost there day and night, expecting that tall Doctor to come striding along in that deep water, heading due north.

And at last the dark figure hove in sight, in the schooner *Rosalie*—the sweet little craft skimming exultingly over the seas, kissing them occasionally with both her dainty, glistening cheeks, reeling joyously over on her side, with her tidy dimity laced and spread in one flat sheet of white; while the slender arms bent like whalebone to the freshening breeze, and she left the dancing bubbles sparkling and flashing lovingly in her wake, as she leaped away from their liquid embrace.

Two hundred miles to go, and the breeze fell from fresh to light, until at last, shrouded in a thick fog, one Sunday morning, when there was no air at all, only a flat calm, the sea as smooth as a glass mirror with the quicksilver clouded.

Then out sweeps, my lads! Ten of a side, and two of those bronzed old lads at each sweep! All except the two after ones, where Ben Brown and the tall Doctor handled one apiece.

Thus, with sails down and bare arms, the light little *Rosalie* continued gliding rapidly over the mirrored surface—a little ashamed of herself, perhaps, at being seen in such a scanty rig—while her commander guided her graceful course, and Harry Greenfield peered about forward to see that no harm should arrest her dainty footsteps.

Presently was heard the toll of a bell. The sweeps paused—the hide gromets resting on the tholl-pins, and the water raining from their broad blades.

"That must be a man-of-war off here on the quarter," exclaimed the young officer at the tiller, "ringing for church."

The old seamen at the sweeps unconsciously took off their hats, wiped the sweat from their brows, and listened.

"It can hardly be the *Monongahela*," said Ben, "though p'raps she took more of a breeze to wind'ard, off the island."

Still the schooner glided on noiselessly over the sea, until, a minute later, Harry Greenfield sung out,

"Port, Sir! or we'll be plump into a vessel here ahead."

The helm was put down, and the *Rosalie* sheered off to starboard within a biscuit-toss of a large brig.

"By my grandmother's wig," said Ben, "that's the old *Martha Blunt!*"

"Henri," said Paul Darcantel, in French, in his deep voice, "the last request I shall ever make is to keep on. There is not a moment to lose!"

"Give way, men!" shouted the officer, in a decided tone, as the words came with a stifled gasp from his heaving breast, while the sigh that followed was drowned in the splash of the sweeps in the water as they again chafed in their gromets, and the foam flashed away from the blades astern.

But there was another splash. A white object sprang with a bound over the brig's quarter, dipping below the surface of the calm sea, and when it came up two great flippers, with a large black head between them, struck out like the paws of an alligator, breasting the water with a speed that soon brought him within a few fathoms of the schooner's low counter. Then seizing hold of the slack of the main sheet, which was thrown to him, he came up, hand over hand, as if he could tear the stern frame out of the schooner. A vigorous grasp caught him by one paw, and, with the other laid on the taffrail, he leaped on deck as if his feet had pressed a spring board instead of the yielding water.

Again, as in the olden time, he held his little Henri aloft in his giant arms; but this time it was Banou who was dripping from a souse, and not his little master.

"Give way, my souls! Another thousand dollars if we get up to the Key before dark!" said the deep, low tones of the tall Doctor.

"Good Lord!" roared a voice from on board the brig, now shut up again all alone in the fog—"if that old nigger has not gone and jumped overboard my name's not Binks!"

"All right, Mr. Binks; Banou is safe! Send a boat on board the *Monongahela*, and report that the schooner *Rosalie* has passed ahead," went back in a clear note.

It was some considerable time before Binks could believe that he had not been hailed by David Jones himself, for he had seen nothing—being at the time in the lower cabin reading his Bible, and writing his name, "Binnacle Binks, Master of brig *Martha Blunt*," on the fly-leaf; and he was only disturbed in this praiseworthy occupation by a heavy body plunging overboard, and by one of the drowsy crew, who had, with his comrades, been sleeping near, reporting that circumstance with his eyes half shut.

Then young Binks took considerable more time to get a boat lowered, and send her, with the cabin-boy, to the large frigate close on his beam, whose bell had just struck seven.

The boat, too, with four sleepy hands to pull her, took considerable time to find the ship, and then the whistles were piping to dinner, and all the good people from the brig, with the flag-officers, had retired to the Commodore's cabin for luncheon.

When Jacob Blunt heard the news, regardless of sherry and cold tongue, he himself got in his boat, leaving his passengers in an excited frame of mind, but rather comfortable on the whole, and returned to the teak bosom of his *Martha*.

There he took young Binks firmly by the shoulder, and walked him aft to the rail where his father—long since dead and murdered—had been used to sit and sing sailor ditties.

Then he impressively told him that: "This 'ere sort of thing wouldn't do! Even if he was a readin' the Bible—which was all very good on occasion, sich as clear weather out on the broad Atlantic; but in fog times, when schooners wos creepin' about in amongst the Antilles, and partick'larly off Jamaiky or the south side of Cuby, mates and men should be wide awake and lookin' every wheres. And harkee, Binnacle! When you commands this 'ere old brig, or maybe a bran-new *Martha Blunt*, and me and my old woman lying below together in narrow cabins, you must bear in mind these my words! Well, my boy! Don't rub that 'ere sleeve over your eyes no more, and it will be all right."

Young Binks promised "that from that 'ere minnit he would never sit on no rails, or sip no grog, or even read his mother's old Bible when he wos on watch, but always be as keerful as if there wos no lady passengers or children on board, or bags of shiners in the lower cabin stateroom—that he would! And his blessed old second father might take his davy he, young Binks, would never be caught foul again!"

Meanwhile the girlish schooner tripped away far out of sight, and when the fog lifted and the breeze came to blow it to leeward she was once more tidily dressed in snowy white, and splashing the water from her black eyes, as the last rays of the setting sun showed her the Tiger's Trap in the distance.

"Henri, my boy, put your arms around me again, as you did when I lay in torture on the trestle on that island. Have no fears for me; we shall meet again. There! now listen to me. Here is a packet which I wish you to carry to Porto Rico with this letter. The old Judge is alive, I think, to whom this letter is addressed, and it may perhaps soothe his declining years. I wish to take your little gig, with Banou and Ben Brown—no more force—and if, as I believe, that villain has returned to his former haunt, I will fulfill my oath to its very letter. Meanwhile, so soon as we have shoved off, while the breeze still holds, run down to the frigate—she is not three leagues off—and you will be in your yearning parents' arms, and those of the girl you love, before they sleep. There! I know you will think of me. Farewell!"

CHAPTER L.

ON A BED OF THORNS.

"Ho, ho!" said Captain Brand, as he stretched out his straight legs, in their canvas casings, on the sand of the little cove, "safe and sound, and not a soul to share this nice supper of that good old man Miguel!

"Ho, ho!" continued he; "here at last! No Babette to cook for me, no *Centipede*, nothing but that stanch little boat presented me by that generous fisherman, who, I fear, is drowned by this time. Well, let us enjoy ourselves! Excellent red snapper this! Sausage, rather too much garlic perhaps; but the brown bread and the aguardiente unexceptionable. Blaze away, my little fire, your sticks cost me much labor to dig out of my once comfortable house; but you are better than gunpowder any day.

"Just to think of the years that have passed! That great bank of sand there over the sheds, nearly as high as the crag, where my brave fellows once caroused, the young cocoa-nuts springing up on the crag itself—not a vestige of my old habitation left, or the bright blades or pleasant guests to dine with me!" Here there was something of the old cold murderous scowl on the Captain's face as he twisted the point of his nose.

"Ah, yes! there may be my wary-eyed Sanchez left, though the last I heard of him was in the Capilla dungeon of the Moro. And that"—grating his teeth and glaring with his icy eyes at the fire as if those two blocks of ice would put it out—"cursed Doctor who pursues me!

"Well, well, neither of those old friends are here yet, and before another sun sets I shall bequeath the old den to them both! Ho, ho! with those solid bags of chinking metal I shall leave them as much sand and rocks as they choose to walk over. What a sly devil I was to stow that treasure away for a rainy day! Never told a living being! Poisoned the fellow, too, who made the lock! Capital joke, 'pon my soul!"

This was the very last of the very few jokes that Captain Brand ever enjoyed.

"And now I think of it, I wonder if my thirsty old mate's bones are yet lying there in the vault. What *was* his name? such a bad memory I have! oh, Gibbs—Bill Gibbs—with one leg! Ho, ho!"

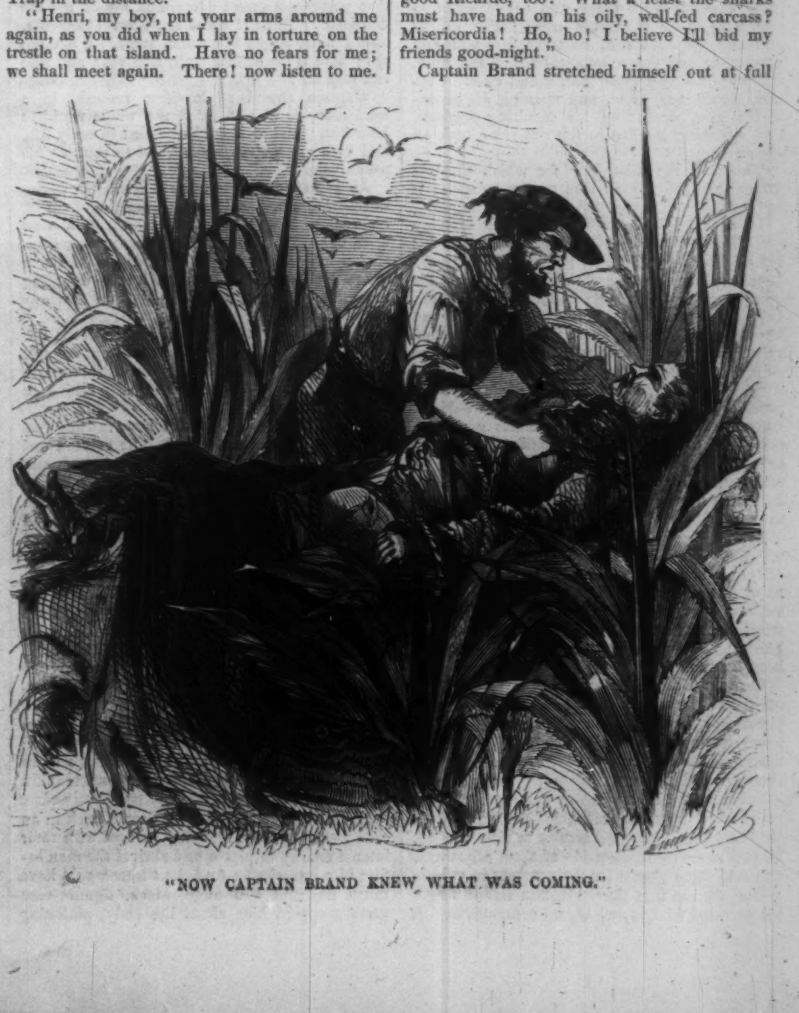
Here Captain Brand drained some more aguardiente out of a cracked earthen pot and slapped his fine legs with rapture.

"And those dear girls who married me! Lucia, too!"

The dirty wretch started as the wing of a sea-bird swooped down over the pure inlet; and he thought he saw a white forefinger beckoning him on to his doom.

"Pshaw!" said he, smoothing down his filthy tattered shirt with the finger of his mutilated left hand. "How nervous I am! But what a bungle Pedillo made of that marriage! And my good Ricardo, too! What a feast the sharks must have had on his oily, well-fed carcass? Misericordia! Ho, ho! I believe I'll bid my friends good-night."

Captain Brand stretched himself out at full



"NOW CAPTAIN BRAND KNEW WHAT WAS COMING."

length on the shelly strand, his boat secured by a clove hitch round his right leg and riding calmly on the little inlet; his bald head, with the few dry gray hairs on his temples, resting on Miguel's sennit hat, and the thin scum of frosty eyelids drawn over his frozen eyes—cracking their covering at times—until at last the Pirate, aided by fiery aguardiente, slept.

A few late cormorants and sea-birds sailed over him in his fitful slumber, and uttered a cold cry as if their pecking time had not come yet, but would shortly, as they sought their silent retreats on the wall of rocks opposite.

And Captain Brand dreamed too!—of the old laird, his father, in prison; his mother weeping over forged notes; the sleeping, unsuspecting people he had treacherously murdered; the pillages he had committed; the men he had slain in open conflict; those he had executed with his own private cord; the poor women who had died in worse torments, when, indeed, even knife or pistol, rope or poison, would have been a mercy; the agony and sufferings of those who survived them; with all the concomitant horrors which make the blood run cold to think of, and which made the Pirate's almost freeze in his veins—living years in minutes—did Captain Brand, as he lay there on the chill sand in his troubled nightmare of a sleep.

"*Ah, Dios! Dios!*" chattered the Señora Banana Pancha, at the other outlet to the inlet, rolling over on the ledge of the rocks at the Tiger's Trap.

"What has become of my Ig—Ig—nacio—the one-eyed old villain who has persecuted me for forty years? Why did I cut the old launch adrift before I got in myself? And here I am alone and desolate on this cursed island and my Ig—Ig—nacio—bless his spark of an eye—not come back to me! *Ah, Dios! Dios!* what has become of the little man? He will kill me, *cierto*, when he comes back and finds the boat gone with all the money, which nearly broke his thin back to bring here; but, *Dios! Dios!* I am dying of thirst, and not a shred of dried fish or jerked beef has gone into my old mouth—"

Yes there has, Dona Pancha, for just then a piece of hawser-laid rope—rather dry, perhaps, for mastication—was placed across your crying mouth that you might bite upon, if you would only stop your old tongue.

For while you were screaming on the rocks, and yelling for your Ig—Ig—nacio, who went back for the last bag of gold that wasn't there, a light gig glided in like a black-fish, and a bigger black-fish jumped up and stopped your old mouth, Pancha, with that bit of hide rope. But if you will keep quiet, Pancha, and not exorcise Banou for the Evil One, that old nigger will give you a cup of liquid not known in the devil's dominions, and treat you also to some white biscuit to nibble upon.

Ah! you will, eh? and tell all about that thin curl of smoke, which you believe to have been made by that coal-eyed Ig—Ig—nacio, away up there by the inlet? Now keep quiet again, old Lady Banana; and while your screaming mouth is gagged, don't cut this small gig away, or else she may navigate herself out to sea, as did your Ig's launch, and you be left desolate again.

The tropical night was still; the lizards wheetled, the breakers roared on the outer ledge, the ripples washed musically on the shelly shores, the alligators flapped about on the surface of the lagoon, the insects buzzed around the mangrove thickets; and as the gray dawn of morning appeared, and the rain began to fall, a steaming hot mist arose, through which the sea-birds flapped their wings and sailed away in search of their morning's meal. The sharks and the deep-sea fish, however, lay still and motionless low down by the base of the reefs, and watched with their cold, round eyes. Captain Brand, too, arose, and opening *his* green-bluish eyes, smoothing his moulting feathers, and splashing his fins in the wet sand, took an observation.

This was the rainy day for which Captain Brand had laid by all that money to spend it in!

It was a Monday morning—Black Monday for Captain Brand—when, after divesting his leg of the clove hitch, he secured old Miguel's boat to a large stone, and then, according to his own ancient practice, he clambered with difficulty up to the venerable crag. Captain Brand had no spy-glass, and there was a good deal of rain falling, but yet he thought he saw a large ship, a brig, and a small schooner in the offing.

So Captain Brand scrambled down again, a good deal disconcerted, knowing it would be hours and hours before those vessels got up to the island, even were they so inclined; but nevertheless he bestirred himself. Fortifying his inner man with the last half-pint of aguardiente for breakfast, which quite refreshed him, he went to work.

First, he took Miguel's copper coffee-pot, into which he emptied that disciple of the net's shark-oil jug, which Miguel himself used for a torch to attract the fish. Then, with a strip of old canvas—part of one leg to Captain Brand's trowsers; to such straits was he reduced—seized like a ball on the end of a stick, and a match-box, he was all ready for Black Monday's work.

Captain Brand, however, made one serious omission: he snugly stowed away his beautiful pistols in a locker of the boat to keep them dry, never having been wet but twice before in all his marine excursions—the first time at Cape Garrote, and the next when he jumped overboard from the brigantine at St. Jago. He set great store by those valuable implements, for they had done him good service in time of need. Miguel came into possession of them afterward, and sold them almost for their weight in gold.

But, for the first time, Captain Brand forgot his personal friends and bosom companions. It was a great oversight; and he was extremely sorry when it was too late to go back for them. However, with the copper oil-pot dangling from his little finger, where the sapphire once shone, and the torch-stick in the other hand, he marched boldly over the sandy ridges toward the crag.

But, Captain Brand, there had been three pairs of open eyes watching you through every mouthful of snapper you snapped, and every drop of fiery white rum you swallowed. Ay! and while you tossed about on the shelly beach, with the red glow of the embers of the fire lighting up your cold-blooded, wrinkled face—while, twisting your nose, you muttered Ho! ho's! of murderous satisfaction—there was not a bird that swooped over you, or a lizard on the rocks with jet beads of eyes, that watched you so sharply as did those attentive beholders from the crag.

And when you made your observations from the young cocoa-nut clump, those watchers retired down the opposite side, and two of them clambered through a hole in the roof of the decaying little chapel, while the other moved to the little cemetery of coral grave-stones, and there scooped a place in the sand and cactus behind the one cut with the letter L.

Captain Brand meanwhile came on, picking his way through the dense cactus, which lacerated his legs, and sadly tore the remains of his loose canvas. The rain came down in torrents, the thunder growled and crashed as the tropical storm burst over the island; and just as a vivid sheet of forked lightning seemed to stride the crag, and the awful peal that followed shook it to its base, Captain Brand crept for shelter within the cleft of the rock, and sat down to prepare for a more extended research.

He may have been gone twenty minutes; but when he again emerged the rain had ceased, the clouds were breaking away, and the gentle sea-breeze blowing; while Captain Brand looked a thousand years older. He seemed to have borrowed all the million of wrinkles from his compadre, in addition to those he already possessed. The thin lids of his frozen green—now quite solid—eyes had apparently exhaled by intense cold, and left nothing but a stony look of horror.

What caused our brave Captain to reel and stagger as he plunged with a bound out into the matted cactus, without his tattered hat, like a wolf flying from the hounds? Had he trodden on a snake, or seen his compadre, or had that white finger waved him away? Yes, all three. But the interview with his one-eyed compadre had shocked him most.

On he came, driving the hot, wet sand before him, toward the Padre Ricardo's chapel. There he paused for breath; though it was only by a spasmodic effort that he could unclose his sheet-white lips, where his sharp teeth had met upon them, and held his mouth together as if he had the lock-jaw, while he snorted through his nostrils.

"Ho!" he gasped, "the spying old traitor has sacked the cavern, and the gold must have gone in that launch I saw the night I came over the reef. Ho! the traitor has found the torture I promised him; but I would like to have killed him a little slower."

Here Captain Brand, having regained some few faculties and energy, moved on beyond the church, till he came to the white coral head-stone, where he stood still.

It was his last walk on deck or sand!

Shading his still horror-stricken eyes by both hands, he glared to seaward.

"Ho! ho! there you are, my Yankee Commodore, with that old brig under convoy, and that pretty schooner! Reminds me of my old *Centipede*. Bueno! there are other *Centipedes*, and I must begin the world anew. I am not old; here is my strong right arm yet; and who can stop me?"

Captain Brand made these remarks in a loud tone, as if he wanted the whole world to hear him; and as if he had failed in early life, and come to a strong resolution to retrieve his past errors.

As he waved his strong right arm aloft, while, in imagination, blood rained from the blade of his cutlass after cleaving the skull, by a blow dealt behind the back, of an unsuspecting skipper or mate, suddenly he paused, and the arm fell powerless at his side, where it hung dangling loose like a pirate from a gibbet on a windy night.

He caught sight of the old broken cocoa-nut trunk to which he had hitched the green silk rope, with its noose around his victim's neck, and he squirmed to prevent himself falling to the sand.

"Ho!" he choked out, his jaws rattling like dry bones, "I see it all now. The column was snapped just where the rope was hitched, and the trestle must have been torn to pieces by the hurricane. Ho, ho! That's the way my man escaped, to dog me all over the world. Ho! I have no time to lose; he may be here at any moment."

This was the last connected speech that Captain Brand ever made in this world, or in the one to come, perhaps; for at the last word Paul Darcantel rose in all his revengeful majesty before him. With folded arms he bent his dark, stern eyes upon the Pirate, wherein the revenge of twenty years was gleaming with a concentrated power.

"You palsied villain! the oath I took to you, and for which I have been accursed, expired yesterday! I took another myself, when we stood here last together; and I am come to fulfill that oath, and—strike!"

His terrible voice and words came back in an echo from the crag, and they seemed with their intense energy to pierce and shrivel the man before him into sleet. And the Pirate would have fallen had not two huge, black, lignum-vitæ paws grappled him about the body, pinioning his arms to his sides as if they had been bolted through and through; while at the same moment another pair of tough, sea-weed flippers wound a lashing round his straight legs, and they laid him gently down on the sandy esplanade.

"The trestle, Banou. And you, Ben, bring the hide strands, the faded old cord, and that black altar-cloth!"

The Pirate lay on his back, his eyes wide open—for he could not shut them since the lids had gone in frost—but the solid balls, light-green now in the light, rolled from side to side. He recognized the old apparatus too, though it was in different hands than those of Pedillo and his confederate; and he saw also that, though the pale-green rope was rotten, yet his knowledge of nautical matters taught him that it yet might bear a taut strain; and that those coils of hide thongs never gave way by any amount of tugging, and he saw as well that they had been recently dipped in grease.

But what was to be done with that rotten, moth-eaten old cloth, which the men used to play monté on, Saturday nights, in the sheds, and on which the good Padre played *his* cards likewise in the chapel? It was not to keep the cold air away from him, or shield his half-naked body from the poisonous insects. Then what could it be for?

"Lift him up, men, and when you lash him down, leave only that little finger free!"

Ben Brown squatted himself on a stone beside the bier, and with his cutlass unbuckled and laid on the sand, and sleeves rolled up, began his work as if he had a chafing-mat to make for the dead-eyes of the frigate's lower shrouds, and though in a hurry, still intended to make a neat job of it. He had a small and rather sharp-pointed marline-spike, too, which he wore habitually, like a talisman, round his neck, and which stood him in hand in the intricate parts of his task.

Taking in at a glance the exact amount of hide stuff he required, he middled the coils, and passing each strand fair and square, his old bronzed arms went backward and forward, under and over—sometimes pricking a little hole by accident in the Pirate's own thin hide as he passed the strips by the aid of his marline-spike, but always apologizing in his bluff, rough way, though without squirting tobacco-juice into his victim's face, as did Mr. Gibbs to Jacob Blunt.

"Beg parding, ye infarnal Pirate! but that stick will do ye no harm. It'll heal much sooner than the iron spike one of yer crew drove through both cheeks of my watch-mate when you gagged him on board the brig.

"I say, old nigger, hand us a little more of that slush, will ye? this 'ere strand won't lie flat. Thankee, old darkey! Kitch hold on that lower end, will ye? and draw it square up between his pins, and straighten out that 'ere knee-joint a bit—so fashion.

"I wouldn't hurt ye, you bloody villain, for a chaw of tobaccy.

"Warm work, shipmate! suppose you just toddle down to the boat for that 'ere grafted bottle lyin' in the starn sheets, and bring a tin pot of fresh water with you; the gentleman might be thirsty, you know. I am Benjamin Brown, of Sandy Pint, seaman."

So Benjamin plaited Captain Brand, late of the *Centipede*, down on his bier; not a thong too little or one in the wrong place. A strand between each of his toes and the big ones turned up in quite an ornamental way and worked around with a Turk's-head knot.

"Breathin' works all reg'lar, too, no bit of hide bearin' an onequal strain over his bread basket. Throat and jaw-tackle in fair talkin' order, little finger free, and there, Capting Brand, jist let old Ben reward ye, good for evil, ye child-murdering scoundrel, for the lick your mate gave him with the pistol on the head, by placing this soft pillow of green silk rope under your bare skull. There! a little this side, so as ye can look at your finger, while I pass this broad piece of stuff over your ear. Don't ye look at me, ye infarnal scoundrel, or I'll let this 'ere copper spike slip into one of yer junk bottle glims!

"Now," continued Ben, "I'll take a spell till the Doctor and the old nigger comes back."

Ay, the job was done, and the mat over the dead-eyes of the shrouds!

During this neat and seaman-like operation Paul Darcantel wandered away on the tracks of the flying wolf till he came to the cleft in the rock. There he picked up and lighted the torch and stalked on. Presently he came to the stones before the low cavern, and pushed his way in with the blazing torch before him. Had Paul Darcantel had nerves, they would have shaken at what he saw; but having none to shake, he calmly fixed his eyes upon the sight.

There lay the head of the ancient Ignacio, caught, as he tried to creep out of the treasure chamber, by the falling of the stone slab. It must have been sudden, for the stump of a paper cigar was still seized in his wrinkled lips, while the snake-like curls twined about his ears and his wary eye still looked out with its usual suspicious intensity, and seemed to throw out a spark of fire in the reflection of the torch. Rising from a coil in a slimy bed of sand before the head was a venomous serpent with his graceful neck curved into the broad flat head, all like an ebony cane, straight, motionless, and elegant to the curved top—fascinated by that single living orb of the dead man.

The human intruder left this well-matched pair to their own venomous devices, and winding his way on he soon came to the open door to the vaults. A powerful kick smashed in the door of the dungeon, and while the rusty bolts were still ringing on the stone pavement, Paul Darcantel entered the loathsome chamber.

He saw nothing at first save a few fragments of broken crockery and a rusty metal pot, not even a rat. But flaring the torch down upon the mouldy floor something sparkled in the light. This he snatched, and it was the long-lost locket and chain which had last rested around the baby-boy's neck.

When the Doctor strode back to the esplanade of the chapel he found Benjamin Brown and Banou taking a friendly sip out of the tin pot.

"Well, Sir," said Ben, as he got on his pins and strapped on his cutlass, "there he is, Sir! and as neat a piece of cross-lashing as ever I did. He looks as if he growed there, jist like a hawk-bill turtle a-bilin' in the ship's coppers, only he cant paddle about.

"I did it marciful, too, Sir, and tried to converse with him in case he had any presents to make to his friends.

"Why, Sir, and would you believe it? I offered to pour a drop of grog—mixed or raw—down his tight mouth, but he never had the perliteness to thank me or ax me a question, but only looked wicked at me. Consarn him! if he had only winked, I wouldn't mind it!" said Ben, with much indignation; "but, howsever, I don't b'lieve he's any think to leave or any friends left!"

But Captain Brand, though speechless without being tongue-tied, and unable to wink, still thought. And what did that Doctor propose to do with him, in case he was not to be stung to death by insects, sand flies, musquitoes, and what not?

"Lift the trestle for the last time men, and stand it here over this thick bed of cactus, so as the little finger may touch the letter on this white tombstone."

Now Captain Brand's doubts were relieved, and he knew what was coming. O ho! ho!

"There! that is right! Now collect stones and rocks, and wall this trestle up solid to the edge of the frame so that a hurricane can't loosen it."

Big Banou went to work now, and presently his job was done; coral rocks and loose head-stones of pirates, well packed down with sand, made the sides of the living tomb. Then the black pall was drawn over the body, and they left the Pirate to his inevitable doom.

Soon the three executioners reached the Tiger's Trap.

"Banou! take this locket and chain—ah! you know it well—to your young master. Brown, the two thousand dollars will be placed in your and Greenfield's hands for distribution among the schooner's crew; make a good use of it! Tell the Commodore that I shall take an old woman we have found here away with me in a stolen fisherman's boat to Manzanillo, and within the year I shall be at home! There! shove off my lads!"

As the gig skimmed through the Tiger's Trap Paul Darcantel, with the widow of her Ignacio, sailed out by the Alligator's Mouth, and as they crossed that roaring ledge the sun sank in its unclouded glory in the West, and the young moon, with its thin pearly crescent, looked timidly down upon the island.

And the night passed, and the next and the next, with scorching days and blazing suns between them; while the mangrove, the palm, the cocoa-nut, and the cactus—ah! that luxuriant plant throve apace—shooting up its steel pointed bayonets two inches of a night in thorny needles as thick as pins in a paper; growing clean through the hide of ox or man like blood, till their hard-edged leaves met resistance, when turning flat side up they put forth a score for one of the needle bayonets! No escape from them! From shoulder to heel one long, hopeless agony. The fierce sun flaming down, absorbed by the black pall of death! The moon glimmering in pale white rays of splendor through the moth-eaten holes upon the finger and the white tombstone! All the day and all the night!

Was it a dream, Captain Brand? No! A frightful reality! Don't you feel a fresh thorn at every slow pulse of the heart they are aiming at? And don't you hear those dread croakings of gulls and cormorants, flapping in the air, who have left their prey on the reef to join the vultures in their feast on the shore? You may always catch the grating sounds of the rasping jaws of the sharks, as they crowd into the inlet, and rest their cold noses on the shelly cove where you slept!

Flesh and blood, and pinions and beaks can endure it no longer! A cloud of carnivorous birds swoop down at last, snap the black pall in their talons and bills, and fly fighting and screaming away with it. Another cloud, darker than the rest, light upon the body, and while the needle points pierce the palpitating heart, and the breath flutters on the still, clenched lips and nostrils, the eyes are picked out and the flesh is torn piecemeal, hide strands and all, till nothing is left but a hideous white skeleton with the long bony finger pointing to the letter L.

The lizards wheetled on the rocks, the alligators lashed the lagoon amidst the steaming mist of the mangrove roots; the sharks and birds returned to the reefs, the cocoa-nuts waved their tufted tops, the palms crackled in the shower and gale; and the pure inlet murmured musically on the shelly shore for years and years, over and around the deserted key, until the whitened bones crumbled into dust and were borne away by the four winds of heaven.

CONCLUSION.

THE hemp has been tarred and spread, the strands twisted and the rope laid up. The knots have been turned in between good sailors and bad—between pirates and men-of-warsmen—and here Harry Gringo hauls down his pennant until his reading crew care again to take a cruise with him in blue water.

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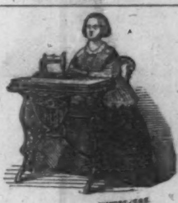

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